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CATHOLIC AMERICA.

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BUT the strongest evidence in favor of our belief in the future Catholicity of America is found in the unparalleled progress of the faith and the prosperity which has steadily attended the Church since the establishment of the Republic. Facts bear out our suppositions. Proofs of America's Catholic destiny multiply. Were no statistics brought forward to substantiate our hypothesis the reader would be justified in rejecting it. But when he sees that in a century of progress, the Catholic faith has been the most progressive; that its growth has far outstripped that of the Republic; that its influence, power, and sway are more far-reaching and effective than those exerted by any institution or system in the country, he must admit, however reluctantly, that our claim is not unwarranted, that our speculations have a basis in fact and truth.

This progress of the faith in America is brought into clearer light by contrast with the marvellous growth and development of

the country itself. Though not yet quite a century old, the Republic has reached a station and wields a power which other nations have been centuries in securing. Within the brief period of a hundred years, it has seen thirteen helpless and poverty-stricken colonies grow into thirty-seven powerful and opulent states. Its territory, at first, contained within a narrow strip along the Atlantic coast, now takes in the boundless valley of the Mississippi and reaches out to the Pacific shores. From eight hundred thousand square miles, its area has expanded into three millions. The increase in population has been even more remarkable. The three millions of 1776 have swelled to the forty millions of 1870.

These are certainly startling figures, evidencing a growth and progress unexampled in modern history. It took Rome a thousand years to build up an Empire less extensive than ours. The ephemeral rule won by the great conquerors of the world serves to show

more clearly the strength and durability which underlies the Republic.

Yet rapid as has been the progress of the United States, in the path of empire, wealth, and general prosperity, its advance has been slow compared with that of the Catholic faith. That the thirteen colonies are now thirty-seven states is surprising; but that the single Catholic bishopric to which the entire Catholic fold in these colonies was subject, has become fifty-four bishoprics, six vicariates apostolic, and four abbacies, is something miraculous. The growth of the population from three millions to forty millions, an increase of nearly fifteen hundred per cent. is, indeed, astonishing; but the wonder vanishes before the statement, that the twenty-five thousand Catholics scattered through the country at the outbreak of the Revolution have increased at the rate of nearly twenty-two thousand per cent., for they number at present six millions. Very slight knowledge of arithmetic is needed to predict even the year in which the entire Republic will be Catholic, if this ratio continue, and who will say that it will not?

The facts are so interesting and the theme is so important, that a more detailed account of this wonderful progress must prove acceptable to our Catholic readers, and serve more efficiently to convince the Protestant one of the truth of our general statement. In the year 1790 the Catholic clergy numbered but twenty—the few laborers in the vast vineyard. Now we have nearly five thousand priests breaking the bread of life to the un-

numbered faithful worshipping in forty-five hundred churches, and almost two thousand chapels and stations. New England, the hot-bed of Puritanism, and consequently the place in which Catholicity would find the most difficulties to contend against, is, as a leading Puritan divine exclaimed with alarm, “rapidly Romanizing.” Speaking of Catholicity and its trials in Boston, Archbishop McCloskey on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, remarked: “There are those most probably now within the sound of my voice who can remember when there was but *one* Catholic church in Boston, and when that sufficed, or had to suffice not alone for the city, but for all New England; and how is it now? Churches and institutions multiplied, and daily continuing to multiply on every side, in this city, throughout the state, in all, or nearly all the cities and states of New England; so that at this day, no portion of our country is enriched with them in greater proportionate numbers; none where they have grown up to a more flourishing condition; none were finished with more artistic skill, or presenting monuments of more architectural taste and beauty.”

Leaving New England, we glance at the past and present of the Middle States. In 1834, Brooklyn, which now contains twenty-six Catholic churches, depended on the spiritual ministrations of one priest. Under the fostering care of the late Bishop Timon, Buffalo has become a centre of Catholicity. The sixteen priests and sixteen churches that the venerable Prel-

ate found in his new diocese have been succeeded by one hundred and seventy churches and nearly a hundred and fifty priests. So New-ark, which twenty years ago could find only a dilapidated hut for Catholic worship, now beholds a fine cathedral and four churches. Philadelphia, which a few years ago saw a frenzied mob pillage and burn the few fine churches which the Catholics possessed, now contemplates with admiration the noblest cathedral, and the most spacious and complete educational institution in the United States.

But the West has witnessed still more surprising evidences of the progress of the faith. Chicago which, like the palace of Aladdin, sprang up in a night, found the Church keeping pace with its own "magical growth." The confusion of business, the clamor of the exchange, the dust of trade may have prevented Chicago from noticing her spiritual rival, but now when loom and spindle are silent, and the once busy mart deserted, and gloom and sorrow brood over the Queen City, she gazes with wondering gratitude, on the bands of ministering angels, the unobtrusive charity, the patience and devotedness that find their true home only in the Church.

Further westward we find the faith full grown in places which twenty years ago were the hunting-grounds of the Indian. In 1834 Milwaukee was first visited by the whites. In 1839, the first Catholic Church was erected, and the entire spiritual charge of all Wisconsin was in the hands of one priest. Now there are three hundred and twenty-five churches, one hundred

and sixty-five priests and a Catholic population of a half million.

Passing southward we find the Church full of energy and vitality, due in a great measure to the apostolic zeal of Bishop England. He found in the whole of his diocese, which comprised North and South Carolina and Georgia, only eight thousand Catholics. At present, in Charleston alone, the Catholic population consist of twelve thousand, and the other southern cities have a proportionately large number. It is unnecessary to say that the metropolis of the Republic is Catholic; whilst the great western cities that bid fair to rival New York in wealth and power, St. Louis, San Francisco (names which breathe the Catholic spirit), Cincinnati, and others, are thronged with the children of the faith.

Such is the cheering presage which the country gives of its future Catholicity. Contemplating it, the Church is filled with joy, for with the destinies of such a nation as this in her hands, she will lead the way to spiritual, nay, even to material and temporal triumphs, of which none of us at present dreams. With America as a great centre of Catholicity, she will regain that beneficent ascendancy over human thought, that enabled her to fashion the civilization and mould the character of Europe—a civilization which irreligion has partly destroyed, but which, through Catholic America, will be reformed and renewed.

It has been said, however, that the progress of the Church here is exclusively due to immigrations, and that, consequently, when this source is exhausted, the Church

will cease to enlarge. True, in enumerating the causes of her progress, immigration holds a prominent place, and when America has entered the fold, she will bless Ireland as one of the principal instruments in effecting her conversion. "In recording the consoling advancement of Catholicity throughout the United States, especially in the North and West," says Dr. White in his "*Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Catholic Church in America*," "justice requires us to state that it is owing in a great measure to the faith, zeal, and generosity of the Irish people who have emigrated to these shores, and their descendants. We are far from wishing to detract from the merits of other nationalities; but the vast influence which the Irish population have exerted in extending the domain of the Church is well deserving of notice, because it conveys a very instructive lesson. The wonderful history of the Irish nation has always forced upon us the conviction, that, like the chosen generation of Abraham, they were destined in the designs of Providence to a special mission for the preservation and propagation of the true faith. This faith, so pure, so lively, so generous, displays itself in every reform of the globe. To its vitality and energy must we attribute to a very great extent, the rapid increase in the number of churches and other institutions which have sprung up, and are still springing up in the United States, and to the same source are the clergy mainly indebted for their support in the exercise of their pastoral ministry. It cannot be denied, and we bear a

cheerful testimony to the fact that hundreds of clergymen who are laboring for the salvation of souls would starve, and their efforts for the cause of religion would be in vain, but for the generous aid which they receive from the children of Erin, who know, for the most part, how to appreciate the benefits of religion, and who, therefore, joyfully contribute of their worldly means, to purchase the spiritual blessings which the Church dispenses."

So, too, Germany has not failed to contribute her work and means in building up the American Church. The true German Catholic is noted, the world over, for his intense love of the Church, the loyalty and steadfastness of his faith, and his unflagging interest in whatever concerns her welfare—traits of Catholic character, the more estimable and praiseworthy because formed and trained in the heretical and irreligious atmosphere of the Fatherland. The Church in the Western and some of the Middle States, is largely composed of this class of Germans, and her thriving and prosperous condition furnishes the best eulogy on her children. France, too, has sent her sons to plant the seed of the faith in American soil, and to water it with their blood. The earliest missionaries came from her shores, and Louisiana south and Canada north bound the vast field which they traversed in carrying out the Apostolic commission. We have already seen the part which Spain and Italy enacted, whilst it remains only to add that England must not be wholly debarred from the praise which the Republic will one day

bestow upon its Catholic benefactors. The oldest see in the United States is named after an English Catholic nobleman, while throughout the land are found numerous evidences of the abiding presence of that steadfast, resolute English type of Catholic character which neither the cruelty or caresses of Henry or Elizabeth could break or soften.

Here, then, we have several powerful foreign Catholic elements assimilating with the American nationality, and whilst fusing with it, retaining their distinctive religious form. The true Catholic foreigner becomes American in everything save his faith. He divests himself of certain prejudices and feelings uncongenial to his adopted land, upholds its government, defends and obeys its laws, and, sooner or later, identifies himself with the people. Yet even if this assimilation is so complete that not a trace of his foreign birth or antecedents is perceptible, in one thing he remains unchanged, one characteristic is never lost. His faith, his Catholicity, his Church, are the household gods which he has not parted with, in parting from all. The reason is twofold; first, a man clings instinctively to his religion as the centre to which all that is good and beautiful in his life converges. This, however, is not a good reason, for it is not true that every religion has this power over a man's heart and mind. The true reason in the case of the Catholic is, because his faith being universal, finds no difficulty in acclimating itself to any state of life, or any form of government. As a Catholic, he may discharge, nay, his creed

commands him to discharge, all the duties of a subject of government, be that government a republic or a monarchy. He finds that he succeeds better, lives happier the more devotedly he loves his Church and observes her directions. He sees that his Church falls in naturally and easily with the spirit of the national institutions, and however much her enemies rant, he perceives that the people respect the Church, and respect him in proportion to his loyalty to her.

Now, Catholicity is the only faith that has the power of naturalizing itself in any country. It does no violence to a people's just and legitimate feelings, habit of thought, or general institutions. The Catholic is the only religionist that can logically become an American. An English Episcopalian must virtually forswear his religion before he can vote, for his creed is part of his allegiance to his sovereign. So the Irish Orange Protestant can never become an American citizen without perjuring himself. If the innumerable German sects kept to the letter of their symbols and confessions of faith, they could as soon form a religious union, as discharge conscientiously the duties of the American citizen. Time after time Protestantism has been convicted of hostility to free institutions, but as Protestantism and Protestants are contradictions, Catholics are too logical to call Calvinists, for instance, traitors to the country, because Calvinism teaches certain doctrines that it would be high treason here to reduce to practice.

But the Church, by proclaiming the divine origin of the civil power without regard to the form of gov-

ernment in which it is embodied, upholds every lawful civil rule, for on the general and practical acknowledgment of this principle, explained, defended, and maintained by her, the permanent stability of all governments depends. By enjoining on her children the duty of obedience to the civil power under which they chance to live, be its holder pagan or Christian, heretic or Catholic, by teaching that the power, as ordained of God, should be obeyed for conscience' sake, she establishes civil government on its surest foundation,—the enlightened mind of its subjects.

Hence, one of the reasons why the children of foreign Catholic parents cling to the paternal faith, while, it is a noted fact, that no Protestant creed can be transplanted, whole and entire, from Europe. The American Episcopal Church is an absurd parody on the English establishment; and to absurdity it to-day adds the grossest heresy, for in a recent convention, the American Bishops departed entirely from what the English church considers the orthodox view of the sacrament. Who can trace any resemblance between the Kirk of Scotland and the American sect which claims to be its counterpart; or even between the English dissenters and the American sects that father themselves upon Wesley and his class of reformers?

It is in the strength of this Catholic unity that we place our trust. Even if the great tides of Catholic emigration from Europe should cease, the transplanted Church will flourish in congenial soil, and the entire nation will repose beneath its shade. But is it not to be feared,

may, is it not a fearful fact that the children of Catholic foreigners lose the faith of their fathers; and does not our argument drawn from the mutual adaptation of the Church and America fall to the ground before the sad truth of unnumbered defections from the Church? We answer that careful research has convinced us that the number of such defections is exaggerated, and that each is traceable to a combination of circumstances which are both rare and peculiar. Maguire in his able work, "The Irish in America," thus speaks on the subject: "The loss has been monstrously exaggerated, the statements to that effect partaking more of the nature of an oratorical flourish than of the remotest approach to statistical accuracy—resting upon nothing more solid than a paragraph in a well-meant letter of warning, or a full-swelling passage in a terror-striking discourse. The motive in which these statements had their origin was good, but the language has been sadly reckless. From individual localities or exceptional circumstances, results sweeping and general have been deduced. Whatever the loss—and it is altogether a thing of the past rather than the present—there can be no delusion more monstrous, or indeed more unjust to a people or a church, than that the Irish become, if not actual infidels, at least indifferent, the moment they land in America. Now, were not the character of the Irish—the most retentive and tenacious of all races in the world—a sufficient answer to this absurdity, the proof to the contrary is the present position of the Catholic Church of America. Now,

at any rate, there is no fear of loss. The day for that is gone. Wherever the eye of the pioneer clears the path in the forest, or the plough of the settler turns up the virgin soil of the prairie, the Church soon follows and erects the cross; and no sooner does the village begin to assume the outlines of the city than the religious orders, and those noble standard-bearers and soldiers of the faith, push on to defend and protect the rising youth of the race and religion of Catholic Ireland. The losses of the past are to be deplored, though they have been exaggerated; but the America of the past is not the America of to-day."

However lamentable, it is not surprising that many were lost to the Church in times when no priests could be found to break the bread of life to the immigrants whom choice or necessity carried to parts of the country then inaccessible to the Church. There are instances on record of Catholic immigrants keeping alive the fire of the faith in settlements which for fifty years were without priest or religions. But, as the eloquent man from whom we have quoted truly remarks, the America of the past is not the America of to-day. The most unfavored of spots remains not so long without priestly ministrations.

But it is not true that the Catholicizing of America will depend exclusively, or even chiefly, on foreign immigration, as such. The faith introduced into all parts of the land by the emigrant will work its own way, will achieve the conquest by its intense force and beauty. The effects of its powerful influence are already everywhere

perceptible. It has been forming the American mind for the past fifty years, and the gradual disintegration of Protestantism is one of the tokens of its daily increasing strength. It has taken fast hold on the popular heart in particular. The Church is recognized as the church of the poor, and has for the poor an attraction marvellously like that which drew the outcast and the publican to the feet of our Saviour.

We refer to the growing distaste of the lower classes of American Protestants to their creed. Brought into direct contact with Catholics of the same class in life, and forced to compare the love and solicitude with which the Church cherishes poverty, with the indifference and scarcely concealed dislike which Protestantism regards it, the humble American is not slow in making up his mind on the merits of the two religions. As a spiritual being, he has wants which he sees Protestantism incapable of supplying. He wants a creed which will be to him as daily food; something tangible, real, soul-satisfying. He wishes a Church which will sympathize with his humble sorrows and joys; which will not politely, but effectually, exclude him from its sanctuary because he is poor, or unlettered, or plebeian. He looks for a religion which will give him some surety of conscience; some outlook into the other world; a church which will not sneer at the tears he sheds over the graves of his beloved dead; or call him superstitious for fondly remembering and praying for their well-being. Childlike, he deserves a worship which will raise his heart on the wings of music and solemn ceremony, a worship which will lead

his mind to God through glorious pictures and grand ritual. This type of character is found principally in the West, where the exigencies of an unformed civilization have developed a practical homely logic which applies to religion the principles which guide business and labor. Of what use, profit or advantage to us, it is asked, is a creed which does not enter into our daily life, adapt itself to our humble lot, or satisfy the commonest spiritual needs? Protestantism may be suited for the refined and luxurious city, but it is out of place in the backwoods. We want a church for the poor, the ignorant, the rough, the class, in short, which the Saviour, as the Holy Book tells us, gathered about him, and intrusted, guided, loved. Now we see that the Catholic Church is the poor man's church. He is as much attended to, sought after, and taught as the wealthiest man in the congregation. The priest will come to his death-bed as quick as to that of the millionaire. He does not have to stay away from church on Sunday because he has not good clothes, for the church is open all day Sunday before sunrise. He is not obliged to "join church," to go through a probation—sit on the stool of the penitent, declare his intention, get religion, and make a public show of himself generally. He is always a son of the church, it seems, even if he never goes into it, for the priest goes after him, and preaches to him, and is just as ready to go to him when he is sick or in trouble, as to the greatest saint in the parish. Now, if a Protestant does not "join church," he is a sort of black sheep; the minister and the others

look upon him as an unregenerate, hopeless, doomed man, and if he wants to attend church, they will give him a back seat, where everybody may see that he is unregenerate, hopeless, and doomed.

There is a philosophy in this complaint which year by year is loudening. The Church of Christ has always been the Church of the poor and the lowly, even as He foretold. Any religion which excludes them from its tenderest ministrations, or fails to make the amplest provision for their spiritual necessities, is thereby known to be not of Christ.

But not only the lower, but also the higher class of Protestants, are gradually becoming dissatisfied with their hollow and jejune creed. Unlike England or Germany, America is bound by no traditional worship. The spell of antiquity, such as it is, rests not on American Protestantism. The state does not uphold it, and, without this support, it is destined to downfall. Hence the unwearied efforts of Protestantism here, to receive at least a quasi recognition from the Constitution. Left to its own support, it cannot exist. The nation is outgrowing the puny proportions of sects. She demands a church as great as herself—a church which can guide her destinies, singly and infallibly. Union being the principle of her life, she seeks it in everything bearing on her future. The culture which the more favored classes of her people enjoy enables them to see in the church, the mistress not only of spiritual and heavenly science, but of worldly and human learning. The high-spirited and inquiring American native

reverences a church which, while claiming authority to teach men, addresses reason as well as faith, and which, while requiring submission, shows that the submission is reasonable as well as scriptural. The fascination of her history, the triumphs of her career, the glorious

tokens of her power, the splendor of her worship, the contemplation of her works in the temporal as well as the spiritual order, all combine to draw the heart of the great Republic, already touched by grace, into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

THE FIRST ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

NEARLY eighteen hundred years ago, was held at Jerusalem a small assembly, despised and unknown at the time, but destined to be the model of many similar meetings which should take a prominent place among other influences in advancing true civilization. This was the first Œcumenical Council of the Christian Church held at Jerusalem for the purpose of settling disputes which had arisen between the Jewish and Gentile converts. Let us try to realize what Christianity was in the eyes of the world at that time. What would have been thought of it by a Roman of liberal culture and enlightened ideas, as the phrase is, presumably on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*?

Some years before, one Christ had been put to death by the Procurator Pontius Pilate, on a charge of sedition and blasphemy. A few weeks after this event, men were seen preaching to the people that this man was their Messiah, and urging them to expiate the portentous crime they had been guilty of in crucifying Him, by speedy penance and submission of their intellects and wills to the faith and law which He had established. These men had been called before the magistrates, and cautioned to

discontinue the dissemination of such doctrines; but, nothing daunted by prosecutions, even when they had extended to the putting to death of some of the principal among them, they had continued their preaching, and were spreading over Judæa and Syria, some even having reached the province of Asia Minor.

But already division was among them. The nascent sect was torn with contention and jealousy between the Jews and the other races composing it, and the chiefs themselves seemed as hotly involved as their followers. What would have been the judgment of our cultivated, worldly-wise Roman with these facts before him? Somewhat to this effect:

It is but a repetition of what has so often happened before, when systems or sects have been founded. For a few years the disciples are full of enthusiasm, convinced that a new era in the world's history has begun, with the rise of their own particular doctrine. By degrees the clear sky becomes overcast; ugly clouds begin to appear, charged with mischief, in the shape of jealousies which creep in among the votaries. They spread and ramify, until the sect is split up into innumerable factions, all mutually

anathematizing one another. Why should this be an exception to the rule so often proved in foregone history? It is likely rather to be proved a most striking example of the truth of their experience, as it is made up of two different sets of men, bitterly antagonistic to each other, and the chief was not long since a fisherman, and utterly destitute of the merest elements of learning. Such are the world's thoughts. Little does it know whose place it is that this ignorant fisherman fills; little does it suspect who it is that has founded this contemptible sect, and who it is that presides at its councils. They assemble, these illiterate men, they confer; "it seems good to the Holy Ghost and to them," that this and not that shall be the practice among Christians, and all strife is at an end. Jews and Gentiles, in perfect harmony, "rejoice for the consolation" thus given to them. If any obstinate Judaizer refuses to hear the voice of the Holy Ghost, he is at once cast off; and the Christian community goes on in all its integrity to spread something new in the history of sects. What secret virtue was in this council, that its decision could thus fully satisfy the minds of all, and at once extinguish the quarrel before so ardent? This question might have presented itself to our philosopher, and the answer would have been difficult to find; still, however, the world would satisfy itself. Christianity is but the belief of a few among the dregs of superstitious people; it is a system that has not attracted, and never can attract, the attention of the great centres of refinement and cultivation. It is, in short, *exitialis*

superstitio, as Tacitus calls it. To stifle a dispute among some ignorant people entirely under the control of some fanatic, is hardly a matter requiring supernatural assistance.

To see the value of these speculations of a broad enlightened philosophy, let us pass over a space of three hundred years. Let us introduce ourselves into the hall of the Imperial Palace at Nice, and contemplate the scene there offered to our gaze. At the lower end sits the sovereign of the universe, but without any signs or accompaniments of the Imperial dignity. His modest demeanor, his downcast eyes, indicate the presence of his superiors. But, who are they? Who are they that claim to be superior to him who from the Atlantic to the Caspian, from the deserts of Africa to the forests of Germany, holds unbounded sway? Cast your eyes along the files of venerable men lining the sides of the apartment, especially those who, sitting at the head, assert their superiority over all present, their colleagues as well as their Emperor. Again, look at that volume placed on a throne decked with riches and purple, and glittering with gold, which an Emperor Augustus has vacated for its reception. Those men who thus take their seat above the sovereign of the civilized world are the successors of those despised sectarian leaders, who three centuries before sat and deliberated at Jerusalem. At their head sits the representative of that illiterate fisherman, the scoff of the wise and learned. That volume contains his writings, and those of his despised companions, now recognized as the messengers

of God. The assembly before us is the Christian Church, sitting in general council for the second time; not as before, poor and unknown, but, after three centuries of almost uninterrupted persecution and repression, rising in unassailable majesty, as the religion of mankind. Its chief and ministers still bear on their persons the wounds inflicted by the cruelty of persecutors; but those wounds, far from being looked upon as before, as marks of opprobrium, and fit objects of mockery, are respectfully kissed by Emperors, in token of their veneration for the religion which could inspire such heroic constancy in its martyrs.

Christianity at Jerusalem was thought too low even for contempt; later on it is noticed, so far as to become the object of the most savage persecution on the part of powerful princes. At Nice its ministers sit in acknowledged superiority to all earthly potentates.

Such has been the growth of this obscure sect; but what will be its continuance? Does not its very assembling here indicate that all is not right? Has it not to undertake the task of uniting its members broken up by strife? Will Christianity, which is now the faith of millions, which counts among its professors the proudest both in mind and estate, be able to survive the jealousies and dissensions of such as these. Will the Bishops of the Church be equally successful in restoring union among the great, the powerful, and the proud, as the Apostles formerly were among the weak and the poor?

Arianism has been in existence several years, and the whole East-

ern Church is filled with the noise of contention. From highest to lowest the passions of all are inflamed; prelates, courtiers, many of great learning, many of high station and great power, are arrayed on the side of error; yet the Church sits down to judge them as she did the illiterate faithful in Judæa. Calmly, as at Jerusalem, after due deliberation, she decides what seems good to the Holy Ghost, and to her; and, careless of the might of her enemies, anathematizes and proscribes their errors.

The result is the same as before. The integrity of the Church is secure. For many years after, it is true, it appears as if it were as much divided as ever; but it will be found that the noise is caused by the howling of the wolves outside the fold, not by the wrangling of the sheep within. The decision of the Council once given, every Christian knows clearly what he is to believe, and sticks fast to the truth thus delivered. The Church casts off those rebellious children who endeavor to elude her decrees, and, though monarchs protect them, she comes out in the end more triumphant as the struggle has been more severe. The persecutions of the powers of evil cannot stop her progress, and the presence of the Holy Ghost at her deliberations preserves her whole, and unstained with error, alike in dealing with the Courtier-bishops at Nice as with the simple faithful at Antioch. The persecutions of a Nero, or a Diocletian, and the machinations of an Arius, or a Luther, are equally powerless against a Church whose assurance of safety rests on the eternal promises of Almighty God.

SUN OF GLORY

STARS of glory! shine more brightly,
Purer be the moonlight's beam!
Glide, ye hours and moments, lightly,
Swiftly down Time's deepening stream.

Bring the hour that banished sadness,
Brought redemption down to earth;
When the shepherds heard with gladness
Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

See a beauteous angel, soaring
In the bright celestial blaze!
On the shepherds, low adoring,
Rest his mild, effulgent rays.

"Fear not," cries the heavenly stranger
"HIM whom ancient seers foretold;
Weeping in a lowly manger,
Shepherds! haste ye to behold."

See the shepherds, quickly rising,
Hastening to the humble stall,
And the new-born infant prizing,
As the mighty Lord of all!

Lowly now they bend before Him,
In this helpless infant state,
Firmly faithful they adore Him,
And His greatness celebrate.

Hark! the swell of heavenly voices
Peals along the vaulted sky;
Angels sing while earth rejoices,
Glory to our God on high!

Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace to humble men on earth;
Joy to these and bliss is given,
In the great Redeemer's birth.

SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE days after Mr. Blamont heard what had occurred he arrived at his aunt's, and Honorine was summoned to appear before these two dreaded personages. Frances vainly used all her rhetorical powers in urging Honorine to leave Jaquot in her room: the idea that her absence would be taken advantage of to destroy Jaquot, had taken such hold of her imagination that she positively declared she would not part with him even for an instant. She followed Comyns with the parrot on her wrist, leaving the old man lost in amazement at seeing his mistress's wishes so obstinately opposed by a child.

Mr. Blamont was seated beside his aunt, who was giving a detailed account of his young ward's impertinence, when the two objects of her resentment entered the room.

He at once saw that observation or remonstrance would be useless, and wisely determining to avoid them altogether, apologized to his aunt for the trouble this spoiled child had given, assuring her he would adopt measures to insure the eradication of her bad habits.

Mr. Blamont, being an intelligent man, saw clearly from this first specimen, that extreme or rigorous treatment would by no means suit Honorine, and might only confirm her obstinacy. Impressed with this idea, he said to her as soon as they had left Mrs. Richard's residence:

"My dear child, I sincerely regret having sent you to my aunt;

I thought you would have liked residing in a castle situated in such a handsome park: but I see clearly you have been treated with too much severity. I could not take the liberty of finding fault with my aunt at her advanced age; but, as you may perceive, I have lost no time in removing you from her, and I am now about placing you where I have no doubt you will be perfectly happy."

"Where are you bringing me to?" asked Honorine, quickly, not knowing what to think of the change.

"To an excellent lady, a particular friend of mine, at whose house you will meet several agreeable companions with whom you can amuse yourself."

Honorine thought this would really be very pleasant; however, she wondered that Mr. Blamont did not bring her home, and asked him the reason. Mr. Blamont replied, that as living alone in such a large house would be very lonely, he had requested this lady, as a favor, to let her reside with her; adding, that his friend had willingly consented, and had promised to treat her with the greatest kindness.

"And when shall I see her?" asked Honorine.

"To-morrow, if you wish, my dear child," replied her guardian, quite pleased at finding her so satisfied with his plan.

"I wish it were to-day. Is she rich?"

This question astonished Mr.

Blamont, and he paused for a moment before he replied :

"She is endowed with the most amiable qualities," said he, at length ; "but, unfortunately, she is not as wealthy as she deserves to be."

"Well, you know, I shall be very rich, and if she treats me and my nurse, and Jaquot, kindly, I will share with her."

Mr. Blamont was both surprised and annoyed at finding his ward so well informed as to her brilliant prospects ; he felt that the knowledge would render the correction of her faults much more difficult, and secretly blamed the foolish prattling tongue which had given her the information. However, he continued to expatiate on Mrs. Montfort, and her many desirable qualifications ; and Honorine exclaimed in great glee :

"Oh ! I shall be very happy, and so will you, dear Jaquot."

While chatting in this way the travellers reached Neuilly, where Mr. Blamont desired the driver to stop at a very elegant-looking house with a brass plate on the door, bearing Mrs. Montfort's name. Honorine was so anxious to see her that she jumped out of the carriage at once, without, for the moment, thinking of either her nurse or the parrot. She quickly remembered them, however, and attempted to return for them, but Mr. Blamont had profited by the opportunity, and quickly closed the coach-door. He assured her she should see them shortly, and that they were now only about to pay a short visit, that she might be introduced to Mrs. Montfort. This lady just then coming forward to meet them,

Honorine's attention was at once diverted from everything else.

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir," said she, affectionately embracing the little orphan, and bringing them into the parlor ; "a thousand thanks for the treasure with which you intrust me. But," she added, looking at Honorine, "you have not done her justice : nothing can be more lovely ! Welcome, my dear little girl. Your guardian's account of you rendered me most desirous of your acquaintance. But I confess I feel it difficult to conceal my gratification at finding you so far superior to my expectations."

Though Honorine liked praise, this torrent of compliments perfectly bewildered her, and she hardly knew what to say. Unaccustomed as she was to duplicity, she did not perceive the significant glances which passed between her guardian and Mrs. Montfort ; she was, besides, very anxious about her nurse and parrot, and expressed her wish to go for them. Mr. Blamont told her he was himself going to send them in, and left the room.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Montfort, "I hope you will feel much happier here than you have been for some time. I promise nothing on my part shall be wanting to make you so ; and your young companions, who have been expecting your arrival, are prepared to love you."

"Then you have a great many children," said Honorine.

"Alas ! my dear young friend," said Mrs. Montfort, affectedly raising her handkerchief to her eyes, "you unconsciously wound my heart : I had one daughter, whom I tenderly loved, but I have lost

her; will not you supply her place?"

"If I can," said Honorine, with deep feeling; for just then the thought of her lost parents crossed her mind. She looked at her mourning-dress, and her tears fell rapidly. Her grief, however, did not banish the remembrance of the objects of affection still left; and she again asked for Frances and Jaquot, expressing her surprise at not seeing her guardian return with them, as he had promised.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Montfort, pressing her hand, "I cannot find it in my heart to deceive you: your friends are gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Honorine, her cheeks inflamed with rage, and her eyes kindling with indignation. "Gone!" and putting Mrs. Montfort's hand roughly away, she added, "Frances and Jaquot must stay with me, or I will not remain here!"

"I see you are vexed, my little angel," said Mrs. Montfort, in the most soothing and affectionate manner; "it is a proof of your goodness of heart, and I cannot blame you for it; but I am quite sure, when you know Mr. Blamont's motives, you will freely and fully forgive him."

"Never!" warmly answered Honorine.

Mrs. Montfort was not easily discouraged. Alternately using caresses, flattery, and arguments, she endeavored to convince Honorine that Mr. Blamont's conduct, though apparently harsh, had no object in view but the promotion of her happiness. Having partly succeeded in calming her vexation, and anxious to turn her attention to other

subjects, she at once introduced her to her companions, to whom she had given a holiday, with the express charge to do everything possible to amuse the little stranger. They all did their best to make themselves agreeable to Honorine; and their efforts, added to Mrs. Montfort's, were so successful, that Frances and Jaquot were soon forgotten, and Honorine, delighted with all she saw, not only forgave Mr. Blamont, but felt grateful to him for placing her in such an agreeable residence.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Montfort was only thirty years of age; she had passed her early youth in the dissipation of fashionable life, and whether she had escaped its contagion was a question on which opinions were divided. Left a portionless widow, she decided on maintaining herself by superintending the education of a number of young ladies, who were to be considered not as boarders at a school, but as a private family, under the care of a mother.

Mrs. Montfort, unfortunately, did not possess any of those qualifications so essential for fulfilling the noble mission she had undertaken. Her sole object was to secure an easy and respectable position for herself, and the only means she employed to accomplish this end were intrigue, duplicity, and flattery. Her fascinating manners, accomplishments, and pleasing conversation had gained her many friends, especially among persons of fortune. Her establishment was quite the fashion; she only received a limited number of pupils; she demanded an exorbitant pension, and

it required influence to obtain admission. There are a certain class of persons who consider the most expensive education as necessarily the best; therefore applications for admission to Mrs. Montfort's academy increased in proportion to the obstacles which she so cleverly contrived to throw in the way of the applicants. She knew perfectly well that Mr. Blamont's ward was to have a considerable fortune, and she professed unlimited gratitude to this gentleman for the pupil he had procured her.

In the worldly acceptance of the phrase, Mr. Blamont was a perfectly honest man. His credit had never failed; he spoke so seriously and wisely, that his conduct might have been supposed to admit the influence only of the soundest and strictest principles, and thus he had gained the confidence of numbers; but, in reality, he was a complete skeptic. Like all avaricious men, he lived but for the promotion of his own selfish interests, and the accumulation of money. Were it not for the advantages accruing from the guardianship of Miss Mason, he would not have accepted the duty so cheerfully, but having undertaken it, he was determined to perform it honorably. He conceived he should fulfil both Mr. and Mrs. Mason's wishes, by placing Honorine with his aunt, and providing her with a governess; but finding this plan to fail, it occurred to him that Mrs. Montfort's establishment might suit his purpose, and, having some acquaintance with the lady, he accordingly wrote to beg she would take charge of the child, candidly informing her at the same time of the imperi-

ous temper with which she would have to contend in her young charge. He made no allusion to the orphan's fortune, but on this point public report had already enlightened the lady, who laid her plans accordingly, and commenced their execution in the way we have seen. Mr. Blamont, who never had given any serious thoughts to the subject of education, and, in fact, knew nothing about it, felt quite persuaded that he could not have made a better selection.

Honorine was not many days with Mrs. Montfort before that lady discovered that rumor had in no wise exaggerated the violence of her temper. Nevertheless, short as had been their acquaintance, she had already discovered the secret of controlling a disposition hitherto deemed ungovernable. Flattery would, she saw, procure her access to the child's heart; and that once gained, she felt sure it would be easy to retain the influence she desired only for the furtherance of her own selfish aims. In pursuance of this system, Honorine was never punished, or found fault with, though, in truth, no one in the house deserved reprehension more frequently. Her companions were, in some degree, reconciled to this partiality, which must otherwise have excited their jealousy, by her extreme youth and her fresh mourning. Indeed, they rather helped to spoil her, for it must be admitted that, even with school girls, wealth and a pleasing exterior possess great attractions. Honorine's guardian allowed her a large sum for pocket-money, at the request of the artful Mrs. Montfort, who, rightly judging that her pupil's

generous impulses would prompt her to lavish handsome presents on one, in the sincerity of whose affection she implicitly believed, deemed it advisable that her liberality towards herself should never be checked by want of means to gratify its suggestions. Too inexperienced to detect the interested motives of the flatterers who surrounded her, the child bestowed her gifts with no sparing hand on all who ministered to her vanity, unconscious meantime that the objects of her favor disliked and despised her, and spoke of her harshly and severely in her absence. One alone among her companions took a real interest in the little orphan; but the advances of this one true friend were perseveringly repulsed with a coldness which must eventually have damped the ardor of any heart less noble than that of Louisa Grenville.

This young lady's mother was of distinguished birth, but having, unfortunately, contracted an unsuitable alliance, she had involved herself in consequence in many and deep afflictions. Her husband's conduct finally alienated her family from her altogether, and the little Louisa having been left a destitute orphan at a very early age, had been placed by a relative at Mrs. Montfort's, that her want of fortune might be supplied by the advantages of the most brilliant education to be had in Paris. Fortunate was it for the child of adversity, that principles of solid piety had been early and deeply implanted in her heart by her virtuous mother! Her residence with Mrs. Montfort must otherwise, in all probability, have led to her ruin. She seemed like a

lily among thorns in that lady's worldly boarding-school; yet, although perfectly unlike all her companions, she was so amiable, so retiring, so inoffensive, so diligent, that even those least disposed to imitate, could not refuse to respect, or refrain from admiring her. As her talents were fully equal to her assiduity, she gained all the first prizes and most honorable distinctions, and her productions being ever the most deservedly admired among those exhibited in the reception-room, Mrs. Montfort looked on her as an honor and credit to her establishment. So impressed was she with the value of her pupil's literary acquirements, that she would gladly have anticipated a chance of retaining her in her school, at a suitable salary, on the completion of her education. The prospect, however, had no attractions for Louisa. In her innocence and truth, she was at first inclined to believe that all Mrs. Montfort's studied speeches were sincere, but her natural integrity of character soon led to the discovery of many things which her conscience could not approve. The solid principles which her mother had engrafted on her heart served as a shield against the vanity and deceit which prevailed in this establishment, but she determined on remaining only to complete her studies under the best masters from the capital who attended there.

Louisa was three years older than Honorine; the feeling of interest first excited by the mourning habiliments of the young orphan, was succeeded by the lively compassion at seeing her exposed defencelessly to the most insidious

flattery. Far from enjoying Honorine's wealth and beauty, she looked on those seeming advantages as so many shoals, which might prove destructive to her happiness, and earnestly wished to obtain her confidence, that she might teach her to understand the language of friendship.

Impelled by natural amiability of heart, and true Christian charity, she sought every opportunity of serving Honorine; but the latter, far from meeting her advances, felt only dislike for one so dissimilar to herself, and so utterly indifferent to that wealth and beauty which she conceived should command universal homage. Honorine did not like study or exertion, therefore paid but little attention to the lessons she received, convinced she would never require them, and sure of pleasing without them; so that after passing several years with Mrs. Montfort, she was, thanks to her mistress's extreme indulgence, deficient in everything that might be reasonably expected from her. Mrs. Montfort at length began to apprehend that in his occasionally short visits to his ward, Mr. Blamont might observe how very unsatisfactory her progress was, in comparison with the large sum he was paying, and she felt it necessary for her own interest, to urge Honorine's acquiring, at least, some superficial accomplishments. For the first time she ventured to offer a remonstrance, and even proposed Miss Grenville as an example.

"Look at Louisa, my dear child," said she; "why do you not imitate her? You could succeed just as well in anything you undertook; see how she excels in music, draw-

ing, and all other accomplishments."

"Dancing excepted," said Honorine sharply, for she well knew that in this, at least, no one could compete with her. "Besides," she added, "Louisa does very well to acquire all the accomplishments she can, to make up for her deficiency in fortune and beauty."

Miss Grenville's presence was no check to Honorine, whose contemptuous tone gave additional point to her little words. Her gentle companion calmly replied:

"My dear Honorine, these gifts sometimes prove very fatal."

"Fatal!" exclaimed the haughty girl, in a scornful tone. "'Tis envy makes you say so; sour grapes! is it not so?"

"Oh, no, Honorine," answered Louisa, "I am fully persuaded that the advantages you value so highly, too frequently destroy, instead of promoting happiness."

Honorine was just preparing to give vent to her rage in the most insulting language, but her amiable companion quietly withdrew, as the most effectual means of preventing what she particularly disliked, a regular dispute. Mrs. Montfort also considered it better to retire, than to be obliged to find fault with her favorite, and openly espouse the cause of the less privileged pupil, from whom she had nothing to expect, and whom she, therefore, cared little to spare or defend.

From the time that Honorine's pride had been hurt, by the comparison between herself and Miss Grenville, she not only treated her coolly, but absolutely worked herself up to think she ought to hate her, as a compound of envy and

hypocrisy; her gentle companion made no other return for her injustice than kindly actions, yet, Honorine misinterpreted them all; and believing Louisa to be her enemy, she lost no opportunity of insulting her; all which Mrs. Montfort pretended not to see. Louisa bore these annoyances with calm dignity, for which the greater number of her companions esteemed her the more. Honorine, on the contrary, lowered herself in their and her too-partial mistress's opinion, although they dared not evince their altered feelings.

It must not, however, be inferred that Honorine was totally devoid of good qualities: her hand was ever open to assist the indigent; a tale of misery never appealed to her sympathies in vain, and she could be truly affectionate and grateful, as long as these sentiments were compatible with the indulgence of her vanity. She was devotedly attached to Mrs. Montfort, because that lady paid her the most marked attention. Nevertheless, although she felt flattered by the preference, her naturally clear judgment easily detected that the praise she received was exaggerated and undeserved. At such moments she felt somewhat humbled, but she took care that they should be of rare occurrence and short duration, for it was much pleasanter to believe that the praise lavished on her was rather the dictate of truth, than of culpable adulation.

How the amiable Lucy would have grieved to see her beloved child so different from what she had hoped; and how afflicted she would have been to find her placed in an establishment, where, far

from having her heart and mind formed to virtue, she received no advice, and saw no example, but such as were calculated to corrupt the one, and mislead the other! But, no doubt, she watched over her from heaven, and that God who has promised to bless the offspring of the just, and who delights in showing mercy even towards the most unworthy children, for the sake of their virtuous parents, will not forsake her.

CHAPTER VI.

Honorine had now been about seven years at Mrs. Montfort's. The artful woman, fearing that her rich pupil would be very soon removed, had laid her plans accordingly. Weary of the care of her establishment, and conscious, also, that the discovery of her hypocrisy and intrigue had considerably lessened her reputation with many of her most influential acquaintances, she determined on securing a fixed independence by resigning her school, and devoting herself entirely to Honorine, in the capacity, as she said, of a second mother.

A letter which she at this time received from Mrs. Blundell seemed to threaten ruin to all her projects, and rendered her doubly anxious to carry them out, if possible, without delay. Mrs. Blundell, immediately on her arrival from America, anxiously inquired what had become of her beloved friend's daughter, and was much pained at finding the dangerous position into which the inexperienced child had fallen. She at once wrote to Mrs. Montfort, informing her of the great intimacy between Honorine's mother and herself; the sacred legacy be-

queathed to her by Mrs. Mason on her death-bed, and her intention of taking Honorine to herself, and thus fulfilling, as soon as in her power, the promise so solemnly made to her departed friend. In this letter was inclosed another to Honorine, reminding her of all the ties and recollections that united them. It was so full of affection, and breathed sentiments of attachment so warm and unchanged, that Mrs. Montfort feared its effect on Honorine, and foresaw in this unexpected event, serious obstacles to the completion of the designs, for which, during the past months, she had been so strenuously working.

The path of falsehood and avarice being once entered on, it is pursued with rapid and careless strides, and even the basest means are resorted to for the attainment of the desired object.

Mrs. Montfort resolved on suppressing Mrs. Blundell's letter to Honorine, and having concluded on this step, summoned the latter to her private apartment, to which but a few were admitted on great occasions, but which was ever open to the favorite. Honorine found Mrs. Montfort apparently in the deepest affliction, and affectionately inquired if she were ill?

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Montfort, laying her hand to her heart, "here is the seat of my illness. Ah!" she continued, "it is unnecessary to say how fondly this heart has been devoted to you; how it has loved you beyond all your companions, even so far as to the utter exclusion of self-interest, and the renunciation of all personal convenience. You will not, then, be

astonished at the desolation caused by the idea of losing you."

"Losing me!" exclaimed Honorine, "does Mr. Blamont wish?"

"Oh, no; it is not Mr. Blamont. If you were only leaving me to be placed under the guidance of that excellent man, my grief would be assuaged by the certainty of your happiness, and my only cause of regret would be the loss of your society."

"Where, then, are they going to send me?" asked Honorine, knitting her brows in anger and alarm.

"My child, I this morning received a most extraordinary letter from a lady, who asserts that she has an exclusive right over you, and announces as the first act of her authority her determination to remove you. This letter is signed 'Blundell.'"

"Mrs. Blundell!" exclaimed Honorine, an expression of great pleasure rapidly overspreading her countenance. "Mrs. Blundell!"

Mrs. Montfort bit her lips.

"Mrs. Blundell, as I was telling you, has written me the strangest letter, in which she expresses disappointment at your good father's having selected Mr. Blamont as your guardian; an act which, notwithstanding this lady's opinion to the contrary, assuredly affords a striking proof of his accurate judgment and good sense."

Honorine evinced some impatience at hearing that an imputation had been cast on her father's wisdom.

"Your mother's partiality for this lady must, no doubt, claim allowance for many things, still—"

"Oh, yes," said Honorine, "she was my mother's dearest friend."

She could not refrain from tears at the recollection of that mother, who had possessed all her childish affection, whose memory she ever revered, and the remembrance of whom was now the only restraint acknowledged by her folly and vanity.

"No doubt," replied Mrs. Montfort, much disconcerted by Honorine's exclamation; "but who could be anything but a friend to Mrs. Mason? Who could know her without loving and respecting her? I have frequently heard her virtues extolled, and deeply regret not having had the happiness of her acquaintance. Had she been spared, yours, indeed, my dear child, would have been an enviable position."

Thinking it better to interrupt an interview which seemed to have produced so unexpected an effect on Honorine, Mrs. Montfort stood up, and sighing, as if overcome by the violence of her feelings, embraced Honorine, entreating her not to fret, "as it must be impossible," she said, "that the daughter of the amiable and virtuous Mrs. Mason could be treated with injustice or unkindness."

"I shall certainly have nothing of the kind to fear from Mrs. Blundell," remarked Honorine.

"What induces me to make this observation, dear Honorine, is, that Mrs. Blundell, being of what is called the 'Old School,' will certainly find fault with your education. She will not be capable of appreciating either your accomplishments or beauty, and will think that a young girl of sixteen should live in retirement, and read nothing but moral tales. I infer so much from her letter."

"Why has she not written to

me, also?" asked Honorine, in an agitated voice.

"She would have done so, no doubt, my child, but that she felt certain I would communicate the contents of her letter to you, which, indeed, is a finished sermon, and was evidently intended for your perusal. She dwells at much length on the necessity of cultivating your mind, and on her hope of finding you a proficient in all the branches which a vulgar education formerly comprised. She expects to find you impressed with the most exalted sentiments of piety, and concludes by promising to come to see you to-morrow, and examine you in everything you have learned, and which she thinks you ought to know."

"Really!" said Honorine, her face inflamed with passion. "Well, she may spare herself that trouble, for I will not see her."

"Have you thought seriously on this, my child?" asked Mrs. Montfort, in feigned surprise.

"No! I will not go to her," replied Honorine, haughtily; "these are not the proofs of affection I should expect after so long an absence. You can tell her that, as my mother's old friend, I should have been glad to see her, but that I cannot recognize the authority she claims."

"It will be difficult to dismiss her thus abruptly, my dear Honorine; you must see her, if it were only for a few moments. Can you not make up your mind to listen to a sermon for one half hour? Do resume your leading-strings for a short time, and attend patiently to Mrs. Blundell's exhortation!"

Without waiting for a rejoinder,

Mrs. Montfort hastily left the room, feeling certain of victory.

Honorine's expressive features too clearly betrayed that her vanity was wounded to the quick, and her pride completely aroused. Still it was possible that her anger might subside during the hours which must elapse between that and Mrs. Blundell's visit; a spark from the few good qualities of her heart might be rekindled, and produce a revulsion of feeling sufficient to crush all the springs of this treacherous plot. Mrs. Montfort felt that if Honorine were once with Mrs. Blundell, she would be lost to her, and therefore determined on not leaving her a moment for reflection, lest that might lead to a change of her resolution not to see her mother's friend. With this view, and pretending that she and Honorine were both ill from the effects of extreme agitation, she arranged a party of pleasure, in which none were to join except those whose gayety would tend to banish serious thought from their companion's mind. Wearied with fatigue after the day's amusement, Honorine had permission to remain in bed till very late the following morning, and only got up in time to rehearse a little drama, they were preparing for Mrs. Montfort's feast-day.

While several of the pupils were assembled at this rehearsal, in a top room, the windows of which looked towards the road, they heard a carriage stop at the door of the boarding-school, and immediately the most curious ran to look out of the window, and see who should alight.

"Oh! do look," exclaimed one

of the wildest, whose parents were very fashionable, but more noted for wealth than amiability. "Do look at the Gothic equipage; certainly it must be more than a century old, for it is more like a house than a carriage. I am certain it is no visitor to me,—I have no antediluvian acquaintances!"

Honorine blushed, and felt her heart palpitate at the idea that perhaps it was Mrs. Blundell, who had come in this vehicle.

"If the carriage be not modern, it does not follow that the owner is the less amiable," said Louisa Grenville.

"They may be very worthy people," replied the first speaker, "but certainly they have no taste."

"It appears to me," said Louisa, approaching the window, "that this is merely a travelling carriage, and that there is nothing extraordinary about it: certainly if we may judge from the countenance of the lady who is getting out, her visit will be a pleasing one to whoever is destined to receive it."

"I do not set up for a physiognomist," replied her companion. "I have been frequently told that nothing is more deceptive than the face."

"That may be," said Louisa, "but if the countenance, which is so generally the index of the mind, sometimes lead us astray, is it not much more absurd to judge people's merits by their carriages?"

Mrs. Montfort's sudden entrance interrupted the conversation.

"My dear Honorine," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Blundell has just arrived, and I am sure she is going to take you away."

"In that brilliant equipage?"

said Honorine, contemptuously, at the same moment encountering the glance of the companion who had ridiculed the vehicle. "Mrs. Blundell may return as she came,—I positively will not see her."

"Think well on this, my dear child; you will perhaps regret it hereafter. I hardly know how to speak to this lady without offending her, for, from her letter she appears to have strong claims on you, and is inclined to enforce her authority."

Honorine's cheeks became scarlet; she thought her mistress might have refrained from mentioning before her companions, a circumstance which, in her mind, must lessen her in their opinion.

"Say what you please, ma'am," said she, angrily, "but once for all, I will not see her."

"What a little despot you are," remarked Mrs. Montfort, playfully; "you make me do just as you like; you shall pay for it, however," added she, with a threatening gesture, but a smiling face, as she quitted the apartment, quite delighted at the success of her plans.

As soon as she had left the room,

Louisa came over to Honorine, and taking her affectionately by the hand, said: "Why, my dear Honorine, why do you refuse seeing your mother's best friend? Perhaps she has been misrepresented to you. Do judge for yourself, there is still time; go down quickly, Mrs. Montfort can hardly have reached the parlor."

This was the advice of a friend, but Honorine did not receive it as such, and only noticed it by an impertinent answer. Honorine fancied she had performed quite a heroic action in rejecting the advice which conscience whispered she ought to follow: but no sooner did she hear Mrs. Blundell's carriage driven away, than she felt the most unutterable remorse, and would have given worlds to recall her. The recollection of her mother vividly flashed on her mind, and it seemed as though it were to that good mother herself she had offered this deep insult. Ashamed of her ingratitude and rudeness, she ran quickly to the window, but the carriage which had brought her friend was already out of sight.

(To be continued.)

AN ECHO.

THE song of birds, the distant waterfall,
The leafy whisper of the wood, the hum
Of insect life, rude sounds, and yet they come
In likeness of vibrations, musical;
And thus the poetry of sacred things
Sends up the dew of thought, the better part
Of truth neglected wakes, and waking, brings
A spiritual verdure on the heart.

EUROPEAN LAWS OF NATURALIZATION.

EVERY independent government, says Lord Hatherley, has the right of controlling the actions of all who reside within its territories. In the exercise of that right, it has to deal with two distinct classes—those who are its subjects, and form part of the nation of which the government represents the collective will; and those who are subjects of another state, and whose condition, in many respects, both as to rights and duties, is very different. But while it is easy to say these two classes exist in almost every country, it is by no means so easy to say by what criterion they are to be distinguished. The Appendix to the Report of the Royal Commissioners on the Laws of Naturalization and Allegiance, which is, in fact, a collection of the naturalization laws of most civilized countries, shows the difficulty that has been experienced in endeavoring to fix that criterion; for we find, that in dealing with the most delicate of international questions, European legislation has been as perversely inconsistent as if its very purpose were the creation of opportunities for unpleasant and dangerous disagreements.

England, however, has no right to reproach her neighbors on this score, seeing she has been the worst offender of all; for, while she has insisted upon claiming authority over every individual born under the shadow of her flag, whatever the individual's parentage might be, she has, with audacious inconsistency, denied the right of any other government to the allegiance

of the offspring of British subjects born on its soil. Spain would seem to be as grasping, since the Constitution of 1845 declares: "The following are Spanish subjects—all persons born within the dominions of Spain; the children of a Spanish father or mother, even though born without the Spanish dominions;" but then a royal decree, promulgated in 1852, says those persons born within Spanish territory of alien parents, or of an alien father and Spanish mother, are to be deemed as aliens. Spanish lawyers may be able to reconcile these two declarations—it is more than we can do. France, Belgium, Austria, Hungary, Prussia, Würtemberg, Bavaria, Baden, the Hanse Towns, Greece, Russia, Sweden, Saxony, Switzerland, and Italy, all agree in holding that the nationality of the father is transmitted to his children, wherever they may be born, except in cases of illegitimacy, when the mother's nationality decides that of the child. In Italy, although the above is the acknowledged rule, if an alien has resided there uninterruptedly, and not merely for commercial purposes, for ten years, his children are reckoned to be Italians, unless they themselves declare the contrary upon attaining full age. In Denmark, the son of an alien, born in Denmark, is to all intents and purposes a Dane, so long as he remains in the country. In Portugal, the children born to a foreigner (unless he is merely residing there as an official in the service of his own country) are held to be Portuguese

in default of their guardians making a formal declaration against the naturalization—a declaration the parties concerned can have annulled if they think fit, upon arriving at their majority. In all continental countries, a woman, native or alien, acquires by marriage the nationality of her husband.

An Englishman who for pleasure, profit, or health's sake, takes up his residence upon the continent, cannot reasonably expect to find himself on a footing of equality with the natives; if, being unreasonable, he does so expect, he will be disappointed. He will find that, politically speaking, he is a nonentity, incapable of holding any public office, performing any official functions, or taking part in elections either as candidate or voter—in Austria, he must not even take a prominent part at any political meeting, or belong to a political association. He is not likely to grieve at not being permitted to serve as juryman. So far as regards offices of trust under government, and offices connected with municipal administration, this is only a necessary consequence of the administering of an oath of allegiance to those who occupy such situations. A foreigner cannot act as advocate, notary, attorney, or arbitrator in France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Belgium, or Greece; nor hold any professorship in an Austrian or Saxon educational establishment, university, or institute. In France, he is debarred from practicing as a doctor without special authorization, and in Austria must pass an examination before he can act as physician, surgeon, accoucheur, or apothecary.

In Bavaria, he may obtain permission to do so for a limited period, and may “give consultations” without even that. The armies of France, Switzerland, and Austria are closed against unnaturalized foreigners, and although those of Bavaria and Sweden are open to them, they cannot command a Swedish fortress, or fill any superior post in the Bavarian service. In Sweden, neither real nor personal estate can be vested in an alien without permission from the crown, unless he belongs to a country in which Swedes have an equal privilege. The Prussian law allows landed property to be held by an alien, but he cannot purchase estates or manor-houses belonging to the nobility. Lübeck, Bremen, and Hamburg forbid the acquisition of houses or lands within their territories, but a foreigner may buy land in the name of a citizen as his trustee. In the first two cities, an alien is even forbidden to carry on any trade; in Sweden, he must not be the managing owner of a Swedish vessel, or own more than a third of it; and in Bavaria, he must get a permit for travelling if he wishes to carry on any wandering trade, or comes under the category of journeymen, servants, or trade-assistants. If a foreigner desires to commence a public business in Austria, it is not sufficient to give notice to the Board of Trade of his intended project, but a special concession of the Home Department is required in addition, and that concession will not be given to any one wishing to set up as agent of exchange, or hawker. In Sweden, too, a special permission is requisite before an alien can exercise his abili-

ties in trade, manufacture, mechanical employment, or any other calling. Prussia professes to allow all the trading privileges of its own subjects to the resident alien, if the state from which he hails does not impose burdensome regulations upon Prussians in particular, or foreigners in general; but for all that, the thing cannot be done until permission has been obtained from the Minister of the Interior. If he wishes to commit matrimony in that liberal land, it is not sufficient that an alien fulfils all the legal requirements of Prussian law: "Foreigners who are desirous of contracting a marriage in Prussia, either with a native or a foreigner, must, in addition to fulfilling the other legal requirements, prove by a certificate, properly attested by the local authorities of their home, that they are permitted by the laws of their country, without hindrance to their state allegiance, to contract a marriage abroad, or that they have received, in accordance with these laws, the necessary permission for the contracting of the proposed marriage."

Portugal, Italy, Holland, Russia, and Würtemberg appear to be the most liberal in their treatment of aliens. All foreigners in the first-named country possess the same rights, and are subject to the same civic duties, as Portuguese citizens, as far as regards any act to be carried out there. By the civil code of Italy, the alien is admitted to the enjoyment of all civil rights accorded to the citizen. In Holland, an alien is eligible for government employment as consul, consul-general, consular-agent, chancelier in missions or consulates; as chief,

subordinate, teacher or official in government establishments connected with science, art, or education; as official in the telegraphic and steam-machinery departments; as employee in mines, director of entrepôts, inspector of small-arms, die-sinker at the government offices, and engraver to any department. Aliens who have served their twelve years in the army and navy may be appointed clerks, skippers, or gaugers in the revenue department; watchers, porters, or boom-closers in fortresses; toll-keepers, sluice-keepers, or employees in military hospitals or other departments of the military supply service. In Russia, a foreigner is not only permitted to become a landholder, but as such is qualified to vote for members of the rural assemblies, or to sit as member himself. While generally barred out of the civil service, exceptions are made in favor of professional and scientific men, such as physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, architects, engineers, and professors of art and science, who may acquire any rank attached to their capacities. Aliens, too, can attain any grade in the Russian army; and if fortunate enough to reach that of lieutenant-general, general, or field-marshal, may be appointed senator and member of the council of the empire. Würtemberg alien law is based upon reciprocity. An alien wishing to establish himself in any trade, has only to prove his nationality, and, if required, show that Würtembergers would be allowed in his own country the freedom he desires. This, however, is very seldom insisted upon; and the Würtembergers are justified in saying, like

their brethren of Baden, that, within the compass of private rights, aliens stand upon a footing of complete equality with natives. But the authorities claim the right to summarily expel any foreigner rendering himself obnoxious to the public peace or the government. In Belgium, the right of expulsion is used when an alien fails to show the sources of his subsistence, when he is guilty of scandalous, immoral, or turbulent conduct, or of conspiring against the tranquillity of a friendly state. The French law is still more imperative, the government being authorized at its pleasure to expel any foreigner either travelling or residing in its dominions, and this right of the government "is arbitrary and absolute."

Naturalization is obtainable in various ways, by royal decree, by favor, by domicile, by merit, and by purchase. In France it assumes two forms, known as "*la grande*" and "*la petite*." The latter, which does not carry the right of sitting in the chambers, is acquired by letters of declaration, after three years' domicile, providing the individual seeking it has good antecedents and is of full age. "*La grande naturalization*" is conferred by the government when the recipient of the favor has resided one year in the country, and has earned it by rendering important services to the state, introducing some great industry or useful invention, or founding some great works, agricultural or commercial. Some authorities, however, hold that this species of naturalization no longer exists, since a decree issued in 1852 declared all electors eligible

to sit in the Corps Législatif, while the Senate is composed of such citizens as the Emperor pleases to nominate. The law of Belgium is similar to that of France, except that the "*grande naturalization*" can only be conferred by an act of the legislature; and that if once a declaration of naturalization is made by an alien, he is considered never to have been a foreigner, the act having a retroactive effect, making it date from the period of birth. In Prussia, the police authorities have the power of granting deeds of naturalization to aliens, providing they have led an irreproachable life, and have means of subsistence sufficient to maintain themselves and family, the naturalization extending to the wife and minor children; but if one of them can be shown not to be of blameless character, the whole family are barred from being accepted as Prussian subjects. Spanish certificates of naturalization are to be gained by a three years' domicile, with possession of real property, or the exercise of a trade, profession, or recognized mode of livelihood in Spanish territory. Letters of naturalization are granted by the Portuguese executive to foreigners able to maintain themselves, after one year's residence; and this is dispensed with in the case of an alien married to a Portuguese woman, or one who has rendered, or may be called upon to render, any great service to the nation; but a naturalized citizen cannot become a minister or councillor of state, or be elected parliamentary deputy. An appointment to any public situation under the state carries naturalization with it in Prussia, Würt-

emburg, and Austria. In the last, the rights of citizenship can be conferred by the government upon any alien who has exercised a profession in the country for ten years. Bavarian naturalization is obtainable by simple domicile, upon bringing proof of liberation from personal allegiance to any foreign state, or by royal decree. Hamburg does not even ask the renunciation of native allegiance, but allows all the privileges of citizenship after six months' residence, upon the payment of a small fee. In some of the Swiss cantons the acts of naturalization are granted only by the legislature, in others by the executive, and in most of them the enjoyment of the privileges conferred date from the granting of the act; but in Tessin, a naturalized foreigner cannot exercise native rights before five years have expired; and in Thurgovia the same time must elapse before he becomes eligible for any government office.

Aliens are assimilated to Netherlands subjects when, in virtue of permission from the king, they have established their domicile for six years in the same commune, and announced their intention to claim the privilege to the communal authorities. In Italy, citizenship is a local privilege, answering something to our "freedom of the city;" but naturalization, which confers just the same benefit, and is perhaps a distinction without a difference, can only be decreed by the crown; and then, to be of any effect, the decree must, within six months, be registered by the chief authority of the locality in which the individual concerned intends to abide. With the exception of admission into the

council of state, all the rights enjoyed by Swedish subjects are open to foreigners of good repute, sufficient means, and full age, who have resided three years in the kingdom; but the crown only has power to grant them, and before it will exercise the power, the would-be Swede must send in an application setting forth his age, nationality, the date of his coming into the country, his character and religious faith. Should this prove satisfactory, all that remains to be done is to sign a formal resignation of all the privileges and rights he may possess in his native land, and to take the oath of allegiance. Russia does not place many difficulties in the way of foreigners desirous of becoming subjects of the czar. The first thing necessary is domicile, which the alien can get by intimating to the governor of the province of his choice, that he desires to dwell therein, and stating what occupation he followed when at home, and what he purposes to do when settled in Russia. After five years of domiciliation, he can, by merely taking the oath of allegiance, transform himself into a Russian, provided the Minister of the Interior has no objection. In special cases, the period of domicile can be shortened, and that qualification is waived altogether for foreigners in government employment, and ecclesiastics of foreign persuasions. The allegiance, when sworn, does not bind the children of the taker of the oath, if born before the event; but those born afterwards are acknowledged to share the new nationality of their parent.

By the laws of Baden, any one born in the country of a foreign

parent is entitled, within the year after attaining his majority, to claim the rights of a native-born subject, upon declaring his intention to fix his abode there, and actually settling in the country within twelve months of making the declaration. The same facility of acquiring naturalization is accorded to native-born aliens in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, and Russia, the last-named state extending the privilege to all children of foreigners who have been educated or have completed their education, in an upper or middle Russian school. Women who have lost their nationality by marriage, are generally permitted to regain it upon widowhood, by notifying that such is their desire.

If the acquirement of citizenship in a foreign country be a troublesome matter, it is a far less difficult one than obtaining release from one's old allegiance. It is much easier to be on with the new love than to be off with the old one. Surely the different states might come to some common understanding on the subject of expatriation; as it is, law clashes with law, as if the object of the law-makers was the creation of "difficulties" that ought to be impossible. It is hard to understand how any state can allow foreigners to enrol themselves among its subjects, and at the same time deny the right of its own citizens to transfer their allegiance. Such is the case, however, with three at least of the great powers—England, France, and Prussia. Once an Englishman always an Englishman, has hitherto been the doctrine held by England, a doctrine she has been consistent enough to carry out to

the conclusion that a native cannot lose his nationality under any circumstances. France and Prussia are not so logical; for while they deny the right of their subjects to expatriate themselves, they declare that by so doing they lose their nationality, awarding as a penalty the very thing the offender has done all in his power to bring about; but with an unpleasant addendum in the shape of a liability to be called to account if he ever ventures to pay a visit to his native land. A Frenchman, furthermore, loses his nationality by entering the service of a foreign power, and if found bearing arms against France, is liable to the punishment of death. A Prussian ceases to be a Prussian by discharge at his own request, by sentence of competent authorities, by leaving the kingdom for ten years without permission, by staying out of it ten years longer than he has received permission to do, or by refusing to obey a summons to return. Discharges are not granted to actual soldiers, to officers or public functionaries, or to those who have served as such, unless they obtain the consent of their former chief. Nor can any man between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five obtain a discharge unless he produces a certificate showing that the application is not made in order to escape serving in the army; and before a Prussian can get permission to emigrate into any state of the confederacy, he must furnish some proof that the state in question is willing to receive him. The acceptance of employment under another government is, in most Continental countries, held destructive to na-

tionality; and in Austria, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Italy, emigration, properly enough, entails the same consequences. In Russia, special rules exist regarding naturalized foreigners who wish to renounce their naturalization, and return to their native country. Before departing from Russia, they must satisfy all claims against them, whether public or private; and to obtain permission to export their belongings, pay a sum equal to three years' taxes. Those who throw off their Russian allegiance can still remain in the country, upon providing themselves with national passports, within a year, if resident in European Russia, or belonging to a country in Europe; or within two years, if residing in Siberia, or having to obtain such passports in any other quarter of the globe. On the lapse of those dates, without he produces the passport, the foreigner must either leave the country, or resume his Russian nationality.

The desirability of simplifying naturalization laws generally, and bringing them to something like accordance, is beyond argument. The following statistics (which extend a little beyond the limits of the heading of this paper) show what a great number of people are affected by them. When the last British census was taken, there were 2,544,101 British-born folks in foreign lands, of which number all save 67,969 were to be found in the United States. Of these last, France counted 25,844;* Germany, 4508; Italy, 4413; Chili, 4152;

Belgium, 4092; Spain, 3879; Russia, 3749; Brazil, 2838; Turkey, 2360; Portugal, 2072; Prussia, 1685; Austria and Hungary, 1172; Switzerland, 1124; China, 1072; Rome, 1054; Egypt, 931; Holland, 827; Greece, 525; Sweden, 411; Denmark, 372; Morocco, 340; Norway, 242; Central America, 145; Japan, 81; Persia, 30; Ecuador, 27; and Siam, 24. At the same time there were living in England and Wales 84,090 foreigners, of whom Germany supplied 21,438; France, 12,989; the United States, 7861; Prussia, 7206; Holland, 5512; Italy, 4489; Norway, 3161; Poland, 3616; Denmark, 2534; Switzerland, 2341; Belgium, 2031; Sweden, 1801; Austria, 1669; Mexico, Brazil, and other South American states, 1641; Russia, 1633; Spain, 1337; Greece, 574; Portugal, 527; Africa, 518; Asia, 358; Turkey, 331; and Hungary, 245. Of every hundred, thirty-six were born in Germany, Austria, and Prussia, sixteen in France, nine in the United States, and thirty-nine in the rest of the world; more than half the whole number being domiciled in London.

But a small proportion of the foreign element among us think it worth while to become naturalized, for only 5385 persons did so in the twenty-one and a half years ending in June, 1868. Of these, 1348 were Germans, 1239 Prussians, 380 French, 324 Poles, 310 Italians, and 305 Austrians; 265 were natives of the Hanse Towns, 209 of Switzerland, 183 of Turkey, 166 of Russia, 156 of Denmark; there were 126 Dutchmen, 125 Bavarians, 119 Swedes and Norwegians, 118 Belgians, 102 Greeks, 89 children of Uncle Sam, 50 Spaniards, 24

* This was the number of English domiciled in France, temporary sojourners not being enumerated.

Portuguese, and 8 South Americans—about three-fifths of the naturalized being of German birth. In the same period, only nine foreigners obtained acts of naturalization, conferring the right of sitting in Parliament, and serving the

Queen as privy-councillor. It would be interesting to compare this record with a similar return of British subjects who have transferred their allegiance to other countries; but, unfortunately, the figures are not forthcoming.

MEMORY AND ABSENCE OF MIND.

MEMORY is nearly as much a puzzle as ever. Why in some men memory should be strong and in others weak; why the memory should be stronger at one time than another; why the same man should have a strong memory for some subjects, and a weak one for others; why illness should obliterate some subjects completely from the mind, are problems still undergoing patient and attentive scrutiny.

The memory for figures, or power of mental calculation, is well known to all of us, either by its presence or its absence. Jedediah Buxton, George Parker Bidder, and Zerah Colburn are instances too familiarly known to need detail here. George Watson, the Sussex calculator, could tell the dates of every day since he was a child, and what he was doing on that day; he could show many other strange freaks of memory, but was a heavy, ignorant fellow generally, very vain of his one acquirement.

The memory of languages is quite a distinct faculty, so far as can be judged from recorded instances. Mithridates, we are told, could converse, in their own languages, to the natives of twenty-three countries which were under

his sway. Cardinal Mezzofanti appears to have had this faculty in a stronger degree than any other person that ever lived. While educating for the priesthood, he learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, French, German, and Swedish. As a professor at some of the Italian universities, he constantly added to his store; until at the age of forty-three he could read in twenty languages, and converse in eighteen. In 1841, when he was sixty-seven years old, he was as well acquainted with Portuguese, English, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, Magyar, Turkish, Irish, Welsh, Wallachian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Illyrian, Lettish, Lappish, as with the languages which he had first learned; while to Arabic he added Persian, Sanscrit, Koordish, Georgian, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, Chinese, Coptic, Ethiopic, Abyssinian, and other Asiatic and African tongues. At the time of his death, in 1849, Mezzofanti could write eloquently, and converse fluently, in more than seventy languages.

All the other accounts of memory for words are poor compared with this; nevertheless, many of them are sufficiently remarkable. John

Kemble used to say that he could learn a whole number of the Morning Post in four days, and General Christie made a similar assertion; but it is not known how far either of them verified this statement. Robert Dillon could repeat in the morning six columns of a newspaper which he had read overnight. During the Repeal debates in the House of Commons, thirty-seven years ago, one of the members wrote out his speech, sent it to the newspapers, and repeated it to the House in the evening; it was found to be the same verbatim as that which he had written out. John Fuller, a land agent in Norfolk, could remember every word of a sermon, and write it out correctly after going home; this was tested by comparing his written account with the clergyman's manuscript. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses or more after having read them a single time. Seneca could repeat two thousand words on hearing them once. Magliabechi, who had a prodigious memory, was once put to a severe test. A gentleman lent him a manuscript, which was read and returned; the owner some time afterwards, pretending he had lost it, begged Magliabechi to write out as much as he could remember; whereupon the latter, appealing to his memory, wrote out the whole essay. Cyrus, if some of the old historians are to be credited, could remember the name of every soldier in his immense army. There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician of

Massachusetts, about half a century ago, could repeat the whole of Paradise Lost without mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's *Æneid*, and could remember the first line and the last line in every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind.

There are no phenomena of memory more strange than those in which—usually through some illness, or some accidental injury to the brain—some particular facts or classes of facts baffle the recollection altogether. The instances recorded by Abercrombie, Winslow, Wigan, Carpenter, Holland, and other physicians, are too well founded to admit of any doubt. There was a gentleman who, when in disturbed health, uniformly called coals, paper, and paper, coals, quite unconscious of any anomaly in the matter. Another called his snuff-box a hogshead; and it was remarked that, in earlier life, he had been connected with the tobacco trade in the West Indies. Doctor Scandella, an Italian physician resident at New York, was attacked with yellow fever at New York; he spoke only English when first attacked, only French in the height of the fever, and remembered only his own original Italian just before his death. A Frenchman, at the age of twenty-seven, spoke English well; he received an injury in the head, and could then for some time only remember French, believing and asserting himself to be but sixteen years old. At St. Thomas's Hos-

pital an invalid suddenly began to talk in Welsh, a language which he had entirely neglected for thirty years. One lady lost the memory of exactly four years, well remembering events before and after that period; and in another instance the lost years amounted to eight or ten. A gentleman forgot the names of his friends, but remembered their ages, and adopted that as the most convenient mode of referring to them. Another lost so completely the meaning of nouns-substantive, that he unconsciously gave the names of places to things, persons to events, and so on, rendering his talk unintelligible. A lady, similarly under temporary ailment, could not remember the names of any of the ordinary things in her household; she was forced to go from room to room, and point to the articles concerning which she had any orders to give, or any observations to make. A military officer, mentioned by Doctor Winslow, sometimes remembered his own name, but not his address; at other times remembered his address, but not his name. He would occasionally, with a perplexed expression of countenance, accost a stranger, "I am Major —, can you tell me where I live?" Under his other frame of mind, "I live at —, can you tell me my name?"

Corroborative instances of a kind more or less analogous are so numerous, that we need only cite a few more as illustrations. There was a man who could remember the first syllable of long words, but no others. A soldier, after receiving an injury in the head, forgot the figures 5 and 7, and everything connected with them. A gentle-

man in a similar way lost the memory of the letter F. An old French lady could express herself intelligibly in any ordinary conversation; but if a direct question were put to her, her memory seemed to depart from her at once, except in reference to two words; her regular reply was "Saint Antoine." In another case, of a wounded French soldier, he evidently understood the meaning of what was said to him by others, but his memory could only assist him to the uniform reply, "Baba." John Hunter, the great surgeon, called on a friend at a time when indisposed; for a few hours he could not remember anything concerning any person or object beyond the walls of the room he was in; it was a painful time to him, for, without any hallucination, he knew perfectly well that his memory had in great measure temporarily deserted him; he walked to the window, as a possible means of getting back some recollection of the outer world. An artillery officer, in 1785, could read out well when a book was open before him, but could not remember a word of the contents when the book was closed. A Spanish tragic author forgot his own writings; when reminded of them, he declared they must have been written by some one else. A French scientific man could scarcely ever remember the names of his colleagues; he was accustomed to speak of them as the authors of such and such works or papers, or as the discoverers of such and such facts. One gentleman forgot the names of the whole of his children for a time. An agriculturist, a man of extensive business and good intelligence, was

obliged to use a dictionary to understand the ordinary implements of his trade; the sound of each word suggested the shape of the letters, and the sight of the latter suggested the sense; but the sound did not directly suggest the sense. A lady, after an illness, forgot all pronouns, and all inflexions of verbs except the infinitive; when wishing or intending to say, "Stop, my husband has just come," she said, "To stop, husband to come."

Another variety is what may be called perversion of memory, memory running to wildness, generally manifested during or immediately after an illness. One instance is that in which we imagine other persons to be doing or feeling that which is really attributable to ourselves. There was a gentleman who, when thirsty, believed that others experienced the thirst; and after he had coughed, said to a friend near him, "I am sorry you have so bad a cough." Samuel Rogers, when very aged and declining, was riding in a carriage with a lady, who asked him about another lady well known to both; the name seemed a blank to him, and stopping the carriage, he asked his servant, "Do I know Lady M.?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. A gentleman, sitting with his wife in the evening, found his thoughts wandering back to a lady at whose house he frequently spent an evening in former years; ludicrously confounding time, place, and person, he rose up, and, addressing his wife as "madam," declared that it was getting late, and that he must return home to his family.

The forgetfulness arising from sheer absence of mind is different

in its nature from any of the above. The man may be in good health, and may be the reverse of stupid, but he is so absorbed in a particular train of thought as to be nearly oblivious to surrounding sayings and doings. Sydney Smith cited two instances of absence of mind which struck his fancy. "I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir, for what?' asked the turnpike-man. 'Why, for my horse to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir! What horse? There is no horse, sir.' 'No horse. God bless me,' said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horse-back.' Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time in meeting me he put his arm through mine, muttering, 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' He very nearly over-set my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick as if he had been in the House of Commons, and, tapping the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper, 'Hear, hear.'" An absence of mind more or less similar has often been displayed by men habituated to deep study. Domenichino, the great Italian painter, became so absorbed in his

own picture of the Martyrdom of Saint Andrew that he reviled, with the fiercest passion, a soldier who was represented insulting or mocking the saint. Caracci, who was present, was so struck with Domenichino's excited expression of face that he afterwards adopted it as an impersonation of rage. Crebillon, the French dramatist, impatiently said to a friend who entered his study, "Don't disturb me; this is a moment of exquisite happiness; I am going to hang a villanous minister, and to banish a stupid one!" Isaac D'Israeli says: "It has been told of a modern astronomer, that one summer night, when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been collecting his thoughts for a few moments, 'It must be thus; but I will go to bed before it is too late.' He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it." Doctor Stukely called upon Sir Isaac Newton, and was told that Sir Isaac would come to him directly. The waiting was long and tedious, dinner was brought in, and Stukely, feeling hungry, sat down and nearly demolished a tempting roast fowl. Newton at length appeared, and seeing the empty dish, exclaimed, "I protest I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner!" The Count de Brancas, a friend of La Bruyère and Rochefoucauld, was one day reading in his study, when a nurse brought in a little infant; he put

down his book, took up the infant, and caressed it admiringly. A friend came in, and Brancas threw down the baby on the table, thinking it was a book, not detecting his error until a loud crying announced it. On another occasion Rochefoucauld crossed the street to greet him. Brancas said, "God help you, my poor man!" Rochefoucauld smiled, and was about to speak, when the other interrupted him: "I told you that I had nothing for you; there is no use in your teasing me; why don't you try to get work? Such lazy idlers as you make the streets quite disagreeable." Rochefoucauld's hearty laugh at length roused him from his reverie. Men have been known to exhibit such instances of absence of mind as the following: Taking out a watch, looking at it, and then asking, "What's o'clock?" Going to a house where friends have lived, and forgetting that they had removed; going up to dress for dinner, forgetting the main purpose in view, and getting into bed instead; taking imaginary pinches of snuff while talking, forgetting all the time that the box is empty. Dante went once into a bookseller's shop to witness a grand street procession. He became so absorbed in a book that the whole spectacle passed without his noticing it; and when he went home was surprised at being reminded of it. Hogarth, dining one day with friends, rose in the middle of dinner, turned his chair round, sat down with his back to the company, meditated awhile, resumed his proper position, and went on with his dinner. Sheridan, conversing with his sister one day, unconsciously cut up into

shreds an elegant pair of ruffles which she had just made for her father. A gentleman, invited to dinner, sat in the drawing-room alone for awhile; by the time the lady of the house appeared, she

found that he, in a brown study, had picked a hearth-brush to pieces; he had the denuded handle in his hand, while his dress was covered with hairs.

ON THE MISSION.

THE life of an assistant in a large parish is a busy one. Whilst the strict order which regulates the parochial affairs and labors prevents confusion, it by no means lessens the number of duties which the priest is called upon to discharge. In extensive parishes in which several curates are stationed, each relieves the other by turns in attending to sick calls, preaching, celebrating the late mass, &c., though all are expected to be ready to take the place of the one in service, if he is prevented by sickness or other necessity from attending to his special work. After his mass, which is said at a certain hour each morning, the assistant, if it is not his "week," is at liberty to employ his time as he thinks fit, subject to the general rules of the house, which, in many instances, require his presence at meals, or, at least, his acquainting the pastor with his whereabouts, if he intends paying a visit. On a "free" day you will find him generally at home, engaged in reading, writing, or else at the house of a brother priest, or making a "round" of visits to the people, or visiting the bookstores, though after completing the "round" he stops visiting the bookstores, as booksellers do not countenance vis-

itors that fail to purchase. He is tempted to smile at the homilies he reads about the dreadful sin of avarice in a priest, for somehow or other the few dollars he receives disappear with a rapidity which a juggler would vainly attempt to imitate. One day after making a round among the poor of the parish he takes the cars home, and opening his purse, he is surprised to discover only a very shabby and absurd-looking ten cent note, though he is sure that his pocket-book was quite plethoric when he went out that morning. He makes an act of contrition for supposing that the stout old lady next him may be a pickpocket in disguise, and his contrition deepens when, the conductor having contemptuously fingered the unfortunate shin-plaster, declaring that "it won't do, no how," the old lady slips him a car ticket wherewith to appease the official's wrath.

A little mental arithmetic soon accounts for expenses. There is the widow, with eight children, whose combined efforts to secure a decent pair of pantaloons for the eldest boy, who is promised a job in a dry goods store, have hitherto proved fruitless. Everything depends on the pantaloons, without

which John can't get the situation, and hence all hopes based on him are blasted. Now five dollars would fit him out nicely with jacket and trousers, leaving a handsome balance for cap and comforter. Then there is a sick man convalescing, who has a wife and innumerable children. The doctor has ordered him, with that airy, pleasant way for which the profession is noted, rich, nutritious jellies, wines, &c., for which the grocer asks fabulous prices. If the patient lack these, the undertaker will soon be sent for. What's to be done? The thinning purse again responds. Then the old Catholic soldier, with no legs and only one arm, has been forced by stress of weather to cease his open-air concerts, and his pension always gives out about one week after date of acceptance. Stern necessity will oblige him to sell his organ, or, if rented, to forfeit it, unless "something's done." The purse "does" it. His next encounter is with the woman whose husband has wholly retired from the active pursuits of life, in order to give his undivided attention to those great problems that agitate the political mind of the country. He is found at all hours of the day in the nearest tavern, demonstrating to the satisfaction of the bartender that the political salvation of the land depends on the removal of the liquor tax. The exhausting nature of these discussions calls at frequent intervals for that stimulant to which the greatest intellects owe their most enduring triumphs. He returns in the evening, and with the characteristic eccentricity of genius gently drops clock and looking-glass from the third story window,

removes the bureau, tests the quality of the chinaware, and by various antics and yells strongly illustrates the Darwinian theory. The landlord had been there before the priest, and had threatened to eject the occupants of the miserable abode if the last month's rent were not forthcoming that afternoon. The wife, with that patient, sad, weary look which characterizes the good wives of the vilest and most sodden of drunkards, looks at the priest beseechingly and tearfully, acknowledging her unworthiness of his favors for the wretch stretched in drunken lethargy, but pleading for the children who will be homeless and friendless, if he does not intercede. The landlord is a hard man, and who can blame him? She had washed, and done chores, and sewed, and worked so far to keep the children under one roof, but now—. It is the old story of no work, hard times, sickness of the baby, &c. Why not rid herself of the burden of supporting the drunkard? No! O the mystery of wifely love which can transfigure even *him*, and pay to him the offices which she pledged herself to pay when he—not he, but his better self—stood by her side before the altar of God! After telling her to send her spouse to him, a message which she hears with a sorrowful shake of the head, the priest bids her cheer up, and leaves with a very light heart and purse.

But his week of sick calls is the one in which he is brought face to face with scenes of which none of us has a conception: for though we could see the external horror and misery that surrounds death, he alone can enter the gloomy recesses

of a soul which is soon to be either the eternal dwelling-place of God or the haunt of demons. The bell summons him to the parlor in the parochial house, and he finds a breathless messenger who can only articulate that there is a man, Catholic, in a fit, No. —, Blank Street. Hurry, for God's sake! Calmly but in an incredibly short time he has the oil stocks in his pocket and the Blessed Sacrament on his bosom, and murmuring the prayers which the Church prescribes for the priestly visitation of the sick, he hurries to the place, and finds the sick man recovering from his faint. Mentally reproving the dilatoriness that had nearly exposed the person to death without the Sacraments, he says nothing, however, to the helpless and speechless friends that are about the room, but requesting their withdrawal from the chamber proceeds silently to reassure and comfort the unfortunate being whose glossy eyes and vacant look betoken the approach of death. With the old Catholic instinct which survives all the memories of life, and seems to enkindle into fresh vigor, as every earthly power wanes, the sick man recognizes the priest and whispers "Confession." But what a confession! How can that failing mind go back over the track of the long years? How can the treacherous memory recall the evildoings of a lifetime? No matter. The priest, praying for the grace of final perseverance for the penitent, putting suggestive questions, leading gently the wandering mind, comforting, helping, consoling, at last draws the confession to an end, and bestows absolution. A great peace

settles on the poor worn face after the soul is strengthened with the bread of life, and anointed with the oil of salvation, and the priest goes away wondering anew at the love which, in its infinite scope and power, admits to Paradise even to-day the penitent thief. But he will also tell you sorrowfully, as the cars are slow and there is no time to hitch up a horse, that he has actually run to a sick call, caring nothing for the amazed looks of quiet pedestrians, or the shouts of the boys, and yet failed to outrun Death. This, too, in cases which threatened no immediate danger, but in which he could not fail to see the hand of God, whose terrible threats against the unrepenting sinner are thus so fearfully executed. The extreme delicacy of the subject, the respect which nature dictates should be paid to the feelings of surviving relatives, and above all the counsel of charity which hopeth all things, even for the most abandoned of sinners, seal the lips of the priest whose ministry calls him to such a scene. But the most startling of sermons could be made out of a few personal reminiscences illustrative of Christ's solemn prophecy, *As ye live, so ye die.* True, good Catholics sometimes depart without the last consolations of religion. They form the few exceptions—if they can be called exceptions—to the rule that God's providence secures for his faithful servants a happy death, the presence of his minister, the grace of his sacraments, the token of the coming, eternal blessedness.

Frequently the priest receives the consolation of beholding the happy death of one whose sinless

spirit is ready to enter upon its eternal peace. He ministers to a child, a youth, whose soul is still pure and fresh with the baptismal waters; to an aged man or woman whose life breathes the perfume of the patriarchal age; to many whose careers knew only two phases,—work and pray, toil and devotion. Comforted by these evidences of the power of grace, he is better enabled to bear the fearful revelations and the dreadful scenes to which he is summoned.

In order to consult both the convenience of the patient and the priest, a rule is established in some parishes, requiring the relatives or friends of the sick person to notify the priest of the case at an early hour of the day. The rule, however, it is needless to mention, is rarely observed. Two extremes are found. A priest will be frightened by the gestures and exclamations of the messenger who bears tidings of the “death” of somebody calling for the priest, and the latter reaches the spot to find an interesting patient in the shape of a big, burly fellow, with an immense handkerchief wrapped in innumerable folds around his head, doing his best to look sick, but ridiculously failing. Inquiry elicits that his head is nearly off his shoulders with the toothache, and that he thought himself dead entirely. Annoyed enough to cane the patient, the priest reads him a lecture on exaggerations, &c., and frequently hears his confession, for such characters in good health rarely trouble the confessional. Usually, however, it is the careful wife that raises the alarm. The other class defer sending for the priest during

the day, but on the change which generally and unfavorably affects the patient, at the hour of midnight, a courier is immediately despatched for the clergyman. Tired with the labors of the day, he is enjoying his repose, when the clangor of the bell above his bed startles him from sleep. He knows what is wanted; and with a patient sigh, dons his clothes, and descends to gather particulars. “Very serious—not expected to live—doctor said, if he changed this way at twelve o’clock, death might come before morning, &c. Better take your overcoat and an umbrella, your reverence, for it is raining a little.” The little rain becomes outside a very heavy shower to which sleet and complete darkness are soon added. “Look out for the gutter, sir—ah! what a pity—and you have no boots on? There’s a nasty hollow here, your reverence; there you are in it! Did you ever see such a night? It’s myself that’s sorry, sir, to bring you out, but—then poor Jim! Give me your arm, if you please, sir, for the way is very bad hereabouts. This is the place.” He enters a place which seems in bleak dreariness the counterpart of the night without; yet the hovel is soon made all-beautiful by the presence of Him who deigned to nestle in a manger, and, after the priest’s departure, the glory and the consecration of such a touch seem to brighten the dark walls and be reflected in the countenance of the dying man. Trying and inconvenient as the midnight sick call is to the priest, it is not without its consolations. As he re-enters his room and betakes himself again to sleep, the

benediction of the angel of the man to whom he carried the Host rests upon him.

After a season, which may be long or short, according to the exigencies of the diocese, the number of priests, and other circumstances, the assistant is appointed to a pastoral charge. He may be commissioned to build a church, the pastorate of which is confided to him, or he may be chosen to govern a flock already gathered into its fold. In either case, he sets about his duties with the promptitude and exactness which his missionary life has taught him. If the great task of building a church is given him, he begins that most unpleasant of trips—a collecting tour. His own people learning of his intended departure from among them, always get up a testimonial, of which, however, he is supposed to be in profound ignorance; though the fact has been communicated to him under the seal of inviolable secrecy. He thinks, however, of the few unpremeditated remarks that must be said on an occasion of presentation, and afterwards declares (to confidential friends) that he could have made a better reply, if he had not thought about it at all, for the richness and magnificence of the gift he received put to rout his few scattered thoughts, and between the effort to remember them and the overwhelming presence of the gift, and the beaming, tearful countenance of the presenters, he could do nothing but repeat in very indifferent transpositions, "Thank you, my dear, good friends!" Nobody, though, knows that the gift goes into the bag which must be filled before the church is built.

Then come in regular succession the battalions of sorrows, discomforts, pinchings, lectures, fairs, excursions, visits, cold shoulders, delays, wars with builders and workmen, squabbles with contractors, meannesses, talks, pleadings, expostulations, sacrifices of all kinds and degrees which the poor priest must face before his church is finished! Why wonder we that his health breaks down, his temperament changes, his heart is sore and weary with his work? Every stove in his church marks a sorrow. It is the monument which speaks more eloquently than the dedication or consecration sermon, of a zeal and perseverance whose source and stay are not of earth.

Or, if he is made pastor of a country mission already in existence, he gathers his few effects and takes an early train, in order to acquaint himself by daylight with the topography of the place, as he is not very familiar with the part of the country in which his church is situated. As he is borne to the spot, his mind indulges in those speculations and plans which naturally suggest themselves to a priest conscious of the importance of his charge and filled with the spirit of zeal. The little improvements he will make—the care he will devote to the outlying parts of his mission, the special devotions he will introduce, and so on, occupy his attention until the name of his destination shouted by the conductor, rouses him from his pleasant reverie. He is astonished to find the hour so late—4 P.M., though he left the city at 8 A.M., and the train too made good time. Surely his church is not so distant.

But that's the name of the place, and, before he can collect his thoughts, he is bidden to step off the platform and look out for his valise. His trunk too is tumbled out of the baggage car in a manner which shows that the baggage-master rises superior to mere earthly care, whilst in the gathering gloom of the afternoon he reads the name of the station over a rambling shed which is dignified by that title.

"How far is it to the Catholic church?" he anxiously inquires of the railway agent who is lounging near. "About two miles up the road. You are not going to walk up, are you? The road is rather rough and broken, even for a wagon. O (with a closer scrutiny), you're the new priest. There's a carriage round the station waiting for you."

Consoled by this intelligence, he accompanies the agent and finds a horse and wagon, both of which have an air of antiquity and mystery. The driver is arrayed in a full suit of clerical garments, including the Roman collar and neckcloth, the whole surmounted by a high hat which, in its dim outlines, resembles a parlor stove.

"Good evening, your reverence," is the cordial greeting. Jump in—not quite so heavy—for the floor of the carriage is weak, and by the same token so is the baste."

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Father——?" (the late pastor).

"Not at all, man. I am the sexton, at your service. Father John expected you yesterday, but he could wait no longer—it seems. He told me to tell you how sorry he was not to meet you, and he wrote you a letter, you'll find above."

Perhaps it's my clothes that decayed you. They are a little too long in the legs, sure, for Father John is a tall man, but that says nothing. Whoa, boy." (This to the horse, which certainly needed no check).

"Never touch him with the whip, your reverence," said the sexton deprecatingly, as out of patience with the funeral pace of the steed, our priest wished to stir him up; "there's no tellin' what he'll do—for he's vicious, sir, vicious and mettlesome. He nearly threw me one night for calling him out of his name, and Father John never whipped him. His heart is too good—the priest's I mean. Yes, but he did though—on a sick call. Mars, that's the horse's name, sir; he was called Pete, before the church got him—I disremember how many years ago it was, but Father John said it was a shame to call a baste after an apostle, and he the greatest of them—so he named him Mars—an old haythen, I'm told. Well, the night of the sick call I was talking about—forty miles it was, if it was a yard. That's the night Father John cut the horse with the whip, and he always said it was a miracle, for such time was never made the country round; talk about your prize horses, Flora Temple or Dexter, Mars bate them all that night. From that day to this, none of us dare lay a hand on the horse."

So chatting, they at last reached the rectory, a poor, mean looking place, fronting the graveyard, with the church at right angles. The lowering sky presaging a storm prevented the priest from seeing the utter dreariness and bleakness

of his future home. He descends from the wagon and enters the house, led by the talkative sexton. On the threshold the housekeeper encounters him and kneels to receive his blessing. "She's a good ould soul," whispers Michael to the priest as both follow her into the hall, "but cross and crabbed like." Supper is set before him with a profusion of apologies, for the butcher comes with fresh meat only once a week, and the nearest grocery is eight miles off, and the house is upside down since Father John left. The drive, however, had whetted his appetite and, as he had no dinner, he does ample justice to the coarse fare, relieved of half its roughness by the exquisite cleanliness and neatness with which it is served. He notices, too, the efforts expended on the furniture to restore its long departed newness and brightness; the careful darning of the worn carpets, the scrubbing and cleansing of the decaying doors and windows and floors, and all those evidences of the housekeeper's half religious desire to surround the priest with as much splendor and comfort, as her sorely taxed ingenuity can devise, and her limited allowance for house expenditure obtain.

He finds the place rather lonely. He has no companion with whom to while away the long hours, for Michael is too busy in the stable and about the little patch of ground, and Margaret is too full of culinary cares to waste their time in idle talk, even if the propriety which the priest observes would permit him to talk confidentially or freely with his servants. He sometimes takes a drive through the country,

but this source of pleasure is soon closed by the uninteresting character of the scenery, the fewness of his people, and the imperturbable gravity of Mars, who can never be persuaded to violate decorum by a canter. The whip, too, seems to have lost its magical powers, as its application, though at first nearly betraying Mars into a breach of decorum, eventually is received with a placid resignation as absurd as it is exasperating.

On Sunday our priest says mass at 11 o'clock, A.M. The Catholics gather from all parts of the parish, drawn, we fear, as much by a desire to see and hear the new priest as to fulfil the precept of the Church. He delivers his salutatory, and perceives the good impression his words of introduction leaves. Many of the members call to see him in the parlor after mass, and he was about to invite several to dinner, when his eye encountered a warning gesture from Margaret, who, as if anticipating this *faux pas* on the part of the priest, had stationed herself near the door. Michael tells him in the evening that the people are just wild about him, and that old Patrick Murphy, who heard all the great preachers and orators in Ireland, from O'Connell down, declared that his sermon pleased him better than all. This expression of good-will on the part of his flock he takes as the harbinger of success; for let him gain the whole heart of the poor and humble in his church, and his ministry is destined to be fruitful of good.

This is the picture of his life, remain he here one year or ten. The changes in its monotony is when sick calls summon him over roads,

and in storms, to places distant one mile or fifty miles from his house; or when he goes to say mass at an outlying station; or when he runs down to the city to renew a friendship which his isolation is wearing out; or when he passes an afternoon with one of his parishioners; or goes the old round among the poor. It is the life of the large majority of American priests. To us it seems the dreariest of existences; to them it is indeed dreary, but cheerfully and faithfully they live it out, that this sacrifice of all the

social comforts, the companionship of friends, the harmless but sweet pleasures of society, will receive its exceeding great reward. Let us stand up in reverence before a life which is passed in voluntary exile, a life which seeks obscurity, even though containing powers and elements that raise men to greatness; a life lighted up by no earthly joy, yet illumined with grace; a life, in short, which the world counts a failure, but which God crowns with everlasting success.

“DEATH, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?”

ACROSS the dusk, heaped, battle plain,
With flashing lamps, two soldiers come;
The earth is wet with crimson rain,
The moonless night is dumb.

Amid the dead, who sleeps so white,
The cross upon her pulseless breast,
Her face against the falling light,
And her tired hands at rest?

The dreamless dead around her lie,
In straightened furrow—sinuous line,
And by her side rest tenderly,
The healing oil and wine.

From convent walls, by vineyards green,
With blessings in her hands she came,
What time the cannon's lightning's keen,
Wrapt earth and heaven in flame;

When strong men wrestled in the smoke,
And shrieks and tumults filled the day,
And from the heart of France upbroke
One cry of wild dismay.

Into the fight, unblenched she went,
 Whilst stronger natures swerved aside,
 Her soul resolved, her heart intent
 To serve the Crucified.

In bleeding images of pain—
 Red harvests of the ruthless sword—
 She saw, through tears of pitying rain
 The clients of her Lord.

And, kneeling by them, touched their lips,
 Whispered of peace till all was cold ;
 Whilst through the gathering eclipse
 The battle surged and rolled.

Then death! From out the thickening gloom
 Flew the destroyer. Lo! she lies,
 Upon her cheeks the faded bloom,
 All heaven within her eyes:

An offering holy unto God ;
 For when Faith, Hope, shall cease to be,
 There shall survive, through ages broad,
 The Angel, Charity.

TOYS AS TEACHERS.

THE daily occupations of us all, whether we wish it or not, have important and evident influences on our characters and dispositions. This is the case even with the grown-up man possessing vigorous strength of mind and body, for, according as he habituates himself to various occupations or amusements, so invariably is the bent of his mind and the tone of his character influenced. This effect no doubt varies with individuals, and is stronger with some than with others; but the principle remains true, that the so-called trifling events of our daily life, over which

we have complete control, have an important effect in moulding our characters.

If this, then, be true with grown-up persons, it is evident that with children, while the mind is in a plastic condition, easily susceptible of impressions, and readily moulded, every occupation and habit must have still greater permanent influence. The little trifles, therefore, on which each child is constantly engaged, and the way the play-hours in the nursery are spent, must assist in forming that child's character.

On this supposition, the use of

toys cannot be insignificant, inasmuch as, during many years of infancy, a child's mind dwells on the idea of play and playthings with greater interest and attention than on any other subject. Toys and playing are certainly a necessary part of the child's occupation; and, therefore, an appreciation of the most advantageous description to suit the characters of different children, and the best way in which such toys may be used, are considerations worthy of the attention and thought of all who are really alive to the importance of the early training of the young. In fact, it is evident that toys must be considered as educational.

In saying that they should be educational, it is not intended that a child is to look upon his play as a lesson; for if he does so, it will altogether cease to be play. Nothing is more painful than to see a child without life and spirits, and that delight in playtime which is not only natural, but essential to its well-being. It is believed that nothing is worse than to encourage habits of too strict attention to books and lessons during the earliest years of life. If this be done, the bodily health is not kept in full vigor; and although it is possible for some little children of six or seven years to be taught a number of high-sounding subjects, even to be able to repeat strings of facts in geography, such as the lengths of rivers and the heights of mountains, it must be remembered that this is but the temporary addition of atoms to the memory, and is not the healthy development of the mind.

The primary use of toys to chil-

dren is to keep them occupied. A mother thinks what her infant, even when only a few months old, requires to amuse him, and she selects a bright-colored bird, or a rattle, or something which it can feel, shake, and look at. An elder child complains of having nothing to do; and a toy or game is found, or a book of pictures or little stories, with which he may amuse himself. The great aim of all those who understand the bringing-up of children is to keep them constantly engaged, and at the same time, though encouraging them to play as long as possible with one toy, yet to change and vary their occupations and amusements as soon as they show signs of mental fatigue or weariness. This constant employment is not only desirable for children, but is really essential for them; they must be doing something, and, as has been well remarked, even mischief is but misapplied energy. Toys are the natural instruments on which this energy and activity should be expended. It is the province of the toy-dealer to find objects for the exercise of their minds and fingers, just as much as for the baker to supply them with bread, or the shoemaker with shoes.

Children are essentially active in every sense; and toys cannot properly be called toys at all if they are merely capable of being looked at, and do no more than amuse the eye for a few moments. This fact will often account for the peculiar way in which children take fancies to their toys. Of course the glitter of a new thing, whatever it may be, lasts for some time; but it will be remarked how they generally

return to some old plaything, long since bereft of its beauty, because they can *do something with it*. A broken doll, even with no legs and arms, may be dressed and handled as a baby; a horse without legs may be dragged about the floor, and so on; whereas a new picture-book is soon put aside after the novelty of the illustrations is forgotten; and a very elaborate mechanical toy, too delicate even to be handled, is not cared much for after it has been exhibited a few times and has ceased to be a novelty.

While carefully avoiding the mistake of making play a lesson, some few toys, if well selected, may impart a vast amount of instruction, and that without the child having to undergo any undue mental strain. It would, of course, be undesirable to give a little boy five or six years old a direct lesson on the principles of the bridge and the use of the keystone. Give him, however, a box of bricks capable of making a bridge with the centring, and show him how to put it together: he will puzzle over it for days, try every sort of arrangement, and unwittingly become gradually and practically acquainted with some important mechanical laws. Again, a little model of a steam-engine made to work by gas or spirit, which may be bought for a few shillings, is a most attractive toy. Children will watch it for hours. They see the water poured in; they remark that it is made to boil, and soon has to be replenished; they notice the action of the valves, the piston, the crank, and all the parts. When they come to study the theoretical laws of steam and machines, half

the difficulty of their first lessons vanishes. If, during his play, the child is so fortunate as to have a really educated nurse or mother, herself acquainted with the outlines of such general knowledge, the child's play may be made, by simple toys, far more educational and interesting than any set lesson, and the result of the instruction far more fixed on his mind than the simplest theoretical idea could ever be by any number of repetitions and learnings by heart.

What is true concerning the box of bricks and the model engine is also true of a number of other toys; that is, they depend for their action on certain laws, with which, by a little skill, children may be made practically familiar without any undue taxing of their minds, and during the time they are engaged in play. Of these may be mentioned the kite, magnetic fish; hydrostatic toys, with water-wells, fountains, &c.; pneumatic toys, such as pop-guns, &c.; tops of all sorts, the kaleidoscope, the magic wheel, &c. All these involve scientific laws which a child may understand familiarly with no more difficulty, if properly put before him, than he usually finds in learning to read.

The feature of the Kindergarten School is that play is really made to a great extent the means of instruction. This idea seems to be capable of greater development than it is at present, even in those excellently conducted institutions. With very young children, particularly in infant schools, the less the instruction partakes of the nature of a regular lesson the better. The importance of early teaching,

among the poor especially, is obvious; and yet the evils of straining the mind and overtaxing the energy of very young children, by too rigid a course of training, are most serious. Toys, when carefully selected, seem to supply the means of avoiding the latter evil, and at the same time of securing the early imparting of knowledge.

Reading may be taught entirely by means of the various games and toys with letters and words which are in common use. These toys depend for their interest and attraction on the way they are put before children. With one teacher, they are little better than a dry spelling-book; whereas with another, the finding out of the different letters and the placing them together like a puzzle may interest a child for hours, during which the infant is learning to read and spell in the best possible manner, and in a way he is least likely to forget. The first four rules of arithmetic, again, may be taught almost entirely by means of cube bricks, and a great step made in the formidable multiplication table, before the child is wearied out with the monotonous repetition of what too often seems to him an endless and meaningless list of figures. Writing is the only subject which perhaps requires more direct lesson-work. Even here, however, the "printing" letters used to teach reading may be copied on a slate, their shape learned, and, what is of still greater importance, the power of holding and guiding a pencil imparted, before the copy-book pot-hook and hanger has made writing an unpleasant and tedious task.

instruction in girls' schools has hitherto been looked upon as one of those things which, though no doubt desirable, is unfortunately impossible. Toys, however, seem to prove that this is a mistake. Judging from the collection of cooking-stoves which Mr. Cremer has brought together in his International collection of toys in the London Exhibition this year, it is clear that "pretending to cook" is largely played at by children of all countries. These stoves, though in miniature, are made large enough, and are so fitted for gas, as to be capable of dressing a small dinner. It would seem that, by a regular course of instruction in practical play-cooking, a most agreeable and permanently useful *game* might be introduced in all schools, to the immense advantage of all classes.

Not only in direct instruction, however, is the use of toys to be considered educational, but those playthings to which a child is accustomed have no small influence on his general tone of thought. To those who are naturally over-quiet and studious, those toys should be given which are likely to develop the physical powers, such as a rocking-horse, a cart requiring to be drawn about, a wheel-barrow, a set of gardening tools, a drum, and the like. It would be better to encourage such children to this description of plaything, rather than to allow them constantly to amuse themselves, after the bent of their inclinations, with books, puzzles, and other sedentary amusements. For those full of life, and whom it is impossible to keep still for many minutes at a time, the occasional use of the quieter toys which are

Cookery as a regular subject of

to be avoided in the former case is desirable. In France, guns, swords, and miniature war implements are looked upon as almost the only playthings for a boy, and this national taste has undoubtedly had a considerable influence on the national character.

A few words should be said of the doll, which is the most natural and universal toy. It must be owned that the English taste in dolls is better than that of their neighbors on the other side of the Channel. An English doll is almost always an imitation of a child; the French, on the other hand, is a very fashionable young lady, and but too often made to imitate as nearly as may be a class of the community concerning whose ways and style all will agree that little children should be as far removed from, and as little familiarized with as possible. It is true that the French dolls have other uses; they serve first as models of fashion; but what we urge is that children's playthings are in themselves sufficiently important not to be merely out-of-date models of the follies of grown-up persons.

The dressing of dolls may be made a most pleasant mode of teaching a little girl to work. All girls are fond of dressing their own toy-babies, though they soon weary of hemming dusters. By making dolls' clothes exact miniatures of children's garments, so that they will take on and off, agreeable occupation in needlework will be found for a little girl. The child will easily be made to take a pride in having all her doll's wardrobe as neat and well worked as she can; and good habits of care, neatness,

and order may thus be inculcated. In this way, as has already been pointed out, play, and useful instruction, and training may be combined through the agency of toys. In watching a little girl play with her doll, an insight may often be obtained into the mode in which the child herself is being brought up. When young, we all imitate more or less the habits and manners of our elders; and in whichever way a child is seen using her doll, whether it be roughly, kindly, or gently, or by making a great fuss over its appearance, such as thinking chiefly of the fashion of its dress and ornaments, so may the characteristic features of the treatment that child herself receives at home be frequently inferred.

The cost of toys cannot be taken as a guide to their usefulness or value. To a certain extent, as in all other articles, it is true that good things cannot be had for nothing, but the most expensive playthings are by no means necessarily the best. Nothing is more desirable than to encourage children as much as possible to make some of their own toys; when they do this, it affords them immense pleasure and amusement. It should also be borne in mind that the fewer playthings a child has in use at the same time the better. Too many at once encourage restlessness and a continual want of change and variety, and prevent habits of attention and contentment being developed. The art of showing children how to play to the best advantage, to make toys, and, in short, to enjoy play as much as possible, though natural to some persons, is frequently wanting to a lamentable extent with many

nurses, mothers, and teachers. A few practical hints on this subject might and should be included in the course of training given to all teachers, and especially to those who devote themselves to infants.

In conclusion, we assert, that if

toys are not turned to the greatest account, the fault lies with us adults, who are not capable of making the most of those means and agents for training our offspring which we find ready to our hands.

A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT.

ABOUT sixty years ago a remarkable case was tried, at the criminal side, in the county of Cork.

The writer wishes to pledge himself at the outset to the literal authenticity of the narrative, which he heard from the lips of the late eminent queen's counsel, George Bennett, at that time a junior on the Munster circuit, and himself an eye-witness and attentive listener at the trial.

On a fine summer evening, when the rustic hour of supper was approaching, there arrived at the door of a comfortable thatched cabin, of large dimensions, such as the class of persons known in Ireland as "strong farmers" usually inhabit, a stranger, dressed in the then peasant costume, corduroy shorts, frieze coat, caubeen, and brogues, and with a blackthorn stick in his hand. The wayfarer entered, with the usual salutation, "God save all here," and asked if this was not Denis Macarthy's house. The women who were in the cabin told him it was, and invited him civilly to sit down, "and take an air of the fire;" and with this invitation he complied, entertaining his new acquaintances the while with such news as he had collected while on his journey.

The man was dark-featured, of

middle stature, and of square and powerful build.

In a little while Denis Macarthy, returning from his fields, entered the cabin-door, and the stranger introduced himself as his cousin, Phil Ryan, from Cappaghmore, in the county of Limerick, and told him what had brought him to that distant part of the world. His business was to say certain prayers, over the grave of a common kinsman of both, who had died two or three weeks before, and was buried in the neighboring graveyard.

Macarthy received his cousin, although he had never seen his face before, with the customary cordiality of clanship, and told him that he must sup and sleep in his house that night, and eat his breakfast there before setting out in the morning on his homeward journey.

To all this the stranger consented, and then, as he was unacquainted with the situation of the graveyard, he asked Macarthy, if it was not far off, to show him the way to it, and point out the grave of their cousin.

Macarthy readily consented, and, as the potatoes were not quite boiled, it was agreed that they should set out at once, and return in time for supper.

In the south of Ireland simple

burial-places, probably of immense antiquity, containing no vestige of a sacred building, rudely fenced with a loose stone wall, lichen-stained, and often partly overgrown with ivy, with perhaps two or three hawthorns, and an ancient ash-tree growing within them, are frequently to be met with. Possibly these small and solitary inclosures were dedicated to the same funeral uses long before the dawn of Christianity broke upon the island.

A wild and narrow track, perhaps as ancient as the place of sepulture itself, crossing, at a short distance from Macarthy's cabin, the comparatively modern main road, leads over a little rising ground to the burial-place, which lies in the lap of a lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the sound of human tread or voice, or the rattle of car-wheel.

Macarthy and the stranger walked up the ancient and silent by-road, until they reached the hollow I have mentioned. There, under the shadow of an old twisted thorn-tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of the burial-ground. At this stile they came to a pause.

"Go on," said Macarthy.

"Go you first," replied the stranger.

"Go first yourself," said the farmer, a little peremptorily, making a stand, he did not know why, upon the point of precedence.

"Arra, man; go on, can't ye, and don't be botherin'; what are ye afraid of?" insisted Ryan.

"Now I tell you what it is; I don't understand you, nor what you're at; but divil a foot I'll go over that wall till you go over it first," said Macarthy, doggedly.

The man laughed, and looked angry.

"To be sure I'll go over it first, if that'll please ye; and what does it matter who's first or who's last?" he answered, surlily. "But you're the biggest omadhoun I ever set eyes on."

And, speaking to this effect, he crossed the stile, followed by Macarthy, who pointed out the grave, and forthwith the stranger kneeled beside it, and began to tell his beads and say his prayers, an observance which usually lasts about a quarter of an hour.

When the prayers were ended, the farmer and Ryan, now quite good friends again, returned to the farm-house, where the stranger had his supper with the family, and in the morning, having eaten his breakfast, he took his leave, and set out on his homeward journey.

Irish ideas of hospitality in the peasant rank make it a matter of obligation upon the host to accompany his guest for a part of his way. Macarthy, in compliance with this courteous custom, set out with the stranger, and about a mile away from his house they entered a little village, where he shook hands with his guest, and bid him farewell.

But his visitor would not part without testifying his gratitude, according to the custom of the country, by treating his kinsman to some drink, which he insisted on doing in the village public-house, the door of which stood open close by them.

Macarthy accordingly went in with him. They sat down at a table, and the stranger, having ascertained what his cousin liked best, ordered a pot of porter, mak-

ing some excuse for not partaking himself.

When Macarthy raised the pewter pot to his lips, a sudden pain, which he afterwards described more particularly, in the back of his neck, compelled him to set it down untasted.

The stranger urged him to drink it, and, without explaining the cause of his hesitation, he a second time raised the vessel to his mouth. Precisely the same thing occurred again.

Once more the stranger expostulated, and pressed him more vehemently to drink; and again he tried it, but with exactly the same result.

"What ails ye? and why don't you drink your liquor? Don't you like it?" the stranger demanded.

"I don't like it," answered Macarthy, getting up, "and I don't like you, nor your ways, and, in God's name, I'll have nothing more, good or bad, to say to you."

"To the divil I pitch yōu and it," said the stranger breaking into undisguised fury, and at the same time, through the open door, he flung the contents of the pewter pot upon the road.

Without another word, in this temper, the unknown cousin strode out of the door, and walked on his way, leaving the farmer in a state of perturbation and suspicion.

Happening to look into the pewter pot, which had contained the porter just thrown out, he saw a white sediment at the bottom of it. He and the publican put their heads together over it, but could make nothing of this deposit.

It so happened, however, that the physician was in attendance at the dispensary, only a few yards away,

and to him they submitted the white powder that lay in the bottom of the measure. It proved to be arsenic.

The mud upon the road where the porter had fallen was also examined, and some of the same deposit was found upon it.

Upon these facts, and the short information sworn by Macarthy, a neighboring magistrate at once issued his warrant, with which the police pursued the miscreant, who, without apprehension of his purpose having been discovered, was pursuing his journey quite at his ease. He was arrested, and duly committed to prison.

The animus and purpose of the heinous enterprise came afterwards to light. The pretended cousin, whose real name was Mara, had been bribed to put Macarthy to death, by a person interested in the termination of a lease in which Macarthy was the last life.

The attempt to poison was only a resource in reserve. The primary plan, and that relied upon with good reason, was of a totally different kind. Under the pretext I have mentioned, Macarthy was to have been induced to accompany Mara to the lonely graveyard, the position of which, and the stile by which it was entered, were familiar to him. He was to have allowed Macarthy to cross the stile first, and, following him closely, as he descended it at the other side, he was, from above, to have dealt him, with his heavy loaded stick, such a blow upon the head as must have felled him to the ground, and, as he lay stunned in the graveyard, he would have easily despatched him. The sounds of violence in that se-

questered place no ear could have heard, and no human aid would have interfered to prevent the consummation of his atrocious purpose.

The women, who, in the large barn-like room were attending to the preparations for supper at its further end, had caught nothing of the conversation of the two men who stood near the door. The effect of this might not very improbably have been that no one would have known in what direction their walk had lain, or could have conjectured where the body of Macarthy, if he had been murdered, was concealed. It might have lain under the wall of that rude cemetery undiscovered until the next funeral brought people into its solitary inclosure.

At this point all turned upon the presentiment which had so mysteriously determined Macarthy, without any motive of which he was conscious, against going over the stile before him. Macarthy was too powerful a man to have been assailed on fair terms, with a reasonable chance of the intending assassin's success.

When the trial was over, Mr. Bennett, my informant, who, though not in the case, and a very junior barrister at the time, had listened to the trial with deep interest, found an opportunity of speaking to the prosecutor, and asked him some questions upon the most extraordinary point in the strange occurrence deposed to.

What passed was to the following effect :

"You stated that you were prevented from drinking the porter by a pain in the back of your neck. Did that pain affect all the back of

your neck ; and if not, to what part of your neck was it confined ?"

"It was in one spot only, close under the skull on the backbone."

"Was it a severe pain ?"

"The worst I ever felt."

"Had you ever had the same pain before ?"

"Never any pain like it before or since."

"Can you give me any idea of what the pain was like ?"

"It covered about the size of the top of a man's finger pressed hard against the neck, and it felt like a red-hot bullet."

"Did the pain last long ?"

"It came whenever I raised the porter towards my mouth, and stopped so soon as I set the vessel down again ; and I could not drink or hold the vessel up while it lasted."

Some persons will account, upon natural, though complicated theories, for the mental and physical impressions which, they may suppose, resulted in this sensation, and in the consequent escape of the prosecutor, Macarthy, from a deep-laid scheme of murder. Others will see nearly insuperable difficulties in the way of such an explanation. It is, in any case, one of the most remarkable instances of justice satisfied and life saved by mysterious premonition that I have ever met with.

The hired assassin was convicted, and, although his intention had been defeated, his crime was then, I believe, a capital one. The wretch who employed him was, also, if I remember rightly, convicted and punished.

I relate this story with a very exact recollection of the terms in

which it was told to me, and with a conscientious anxiety to reproduce the narrative accurately. It is ex-

traordinary enough, I think, to merit being rescued from oblivion.

OXFORD IN 1871.

THE evidence which has been recently given before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the subject of University Tests, has naturally turned the attention of thinking men to the present condition of religious belief at Oxford and Cambridge. Some of the witnesses examined made statements respecting the modern tendencies of the philosophical teaching of the Universities, which caused almost a panic among persons of more orthodox opinions: even some Catholics have been startled at the change which appears to have come over the two great seats of learning within the last thirty or forty years. In the present article an attempt is made to represent, as fairly and dispassionately as lies within the power of the writer, the tone of thought which is generally prevalent at Oxford on religious questions. The task is not an easy one, especially as every resident in the University is prone to judge of all phases of belief from the particular circle in which he himself moves, and to pass over schools of thought which may be exercising a permanent influence, because he himself does not come into personal contact with those who specially belong to them.

No one can deny that within the last twenty-five or thirty years Oxford has completely changed. To trace the various causes which have

brought about the change would be almost an endless task. They may, perhaps, be fairly summed up by saying, that men have learned, in a way unknown before, to carry out their opinions to their legitimate and logical consequences; their eyes have been opened to see that the beliefs of the last generation of Englishmen did not rest on a satisfactory basis; that the arguments of Butler and Paley have proved insufficient to resist the corroding influence of skepticism, and that the apologists of the Church of England are unable to maintain for her a tenable position as a living teacher of dogmatic truth. Thirty years ago the Tractarian movement was at its zenith; the High Church party comprised many of the ablest residents in Oxford; the Anglo-Catholic theory still satisfied the aspirations of an earnest piety, and retained a firm hold on those whose undoubted intellectual honesty, vigorous power of thought, and extensive knowledge, gave them a well-deserved influence in the University. Opposed to them were a vast mass of orthodox Conservatives, whose general position was that of a moderate Protestantism, and who regarded the Tractarian party as unfaithful to the Church of England. Besides these two parties, there was a small minority of Liberals, feeble numerically and afraid to express their real senti-

ments, warned by the outcry which had more than once been raised when one of their number, bolder than the rest, had published opinions which did not satisfy the then dominant orthodoxy, even though he had used the most moderate language, and had guarded himself most carefully against misconception. The present state of things is completely different. The dogmatist party in the University, it is true, still forms a majority of the governing body: but living, teaching Oxford has passed over into the hostile camp. The most influential tutors and professors—who are moulding the thought and guiding the opinions of the rising generation, who, through their ablest pupils, will soon make their voices heard in the House of Commons, in the literature of the country, in the class-rooms of our public schools—belong for the most part to the Liberal party.

Now, it is hard to give a correct idea of the position and tenets of those who start from first principles different from one's own; it is hard to avoid a touch of caricature, and to keep clear of one-sidedness and misconception. But the general line of thought among a majority of the influential men is somewhat as follows, although there are of course many exceptions, especially among those whose line of study has not led them to investigate with careful accuracy the basis of the irreligious beliefs—"In this life it is not given to man to attain to a full knowledge of truth. We see through a glass darkly, and the view which each individual obtains is necessarily a one-sided and imperfect one. This is especially the case with re-

ligious beliefs, which are really opinions in which we are unconscious of any opposing probabilities, and in which sentiment and imagination come in to enlist our sympathies entirely on one side of the question. There are many subjects on which it is presumptuous even to have an opinion; those, namely, which we ourselves have never had occasion personally to investigate, and in which there is no such consensus among learned men as would enable us to adopt their verdict unchallenged. In some departments of knowledge, men allow that this is the case. In astronomy, for instance, no educated man, unless he were an astronomer, would express a decided opinion about the possibility of the moon being inhabited by beings like ourselves; but unfortunately, in subjects into which any religious question seems to enter, every one claims a right to be heard."

This theory, or something like it, may, I think, be called without unfairness the dominant theory of Oxford at the present time. It has been moulding the minds of the greater part of the more intelligent men who have taken their degree within the last twenty years. It is in the main the theory current in those Common Rooms which are the best representatives of Oxford culture, and it forms the basis of the education imparted in those Colleges which are most distinguished in the class lists, and where all the men have the highest reputation for industry and talent. It has a special attraction for young and generous minds, since there is in it a semblance of liberality which appears to contrast most favorably

with the exclusiveness of dogmatism. At the same time, it is not a theory which will ever permanently satisfy the demands of human intelligence. It is too vague, too misty, too indefinite. The human intelligence cannot rest content with a religion founded on so shadowy a basis: where it appears to do so, it implies either a very exceptional character, from which we cannot argue to the case of ordinary men, or else a very partial and limited interest in things unseen. It is, perhaps, a possible religion for men whose active, laborious life leaves them but little time for serious thought, and it may satisfy those who find all their affections already enlisted in behalf of some object more immediately before them. But even with these it will rarely be able to hold its ground, and the world at large will, sooner or later, have to give place to a more definite and tangible creed.

It is already doing so to some extent in the Universities. During the last few years there has been an ever-increasing number of men who go beyond the position which has been described above, and throw aside altogether the relative theory of truth, substituting for it something more resembling a positive belief. They tell us that the attempt to explain the phenomena of the world on the double hypothesis of the reign of law and the reign of a Supreme Will is distinctly unscientific and inadmissible. They look into the world around, and can discover there no single fact which cannot be explained without introducing the notion of a Supreme Being, and they therefore decline to admit any practical necessity for

religious belief. If the old-fashioned moralist attempts to meet them with an appeal to the evidence of conscience as bearing witness to the authority of God, they have a theory, which is at first plausible, to account for each phenomenon, and, by a thousand illustrations, they show us how the necessities of common life, and the selfishness of our nature, have combined to form a habit which is handed on from one generation to another, and strengthened more and more by an enlarged experience, until, at length, it becomes an hereditary instinct, and is dignified by the name of the voice of God. If the defender of Christianity presses them with the argument from miracles, they often admit, fairly and honestly, that they have never had occasion really to investigate the question; or else they account for the supposed miracles of bygone ages by alleging the uncritical mind of the credulous observers, and express the fullest confidence that science will be able at some future period to explain any modern phenomena which are at present believed to be miraculous. These men are not atheists, because they do not reject as necessarily untrue the notion of a first cause; they simply say that the evidence in favor of the existence of a God does not appear to them sufficient to justify any positive assertion on the subject. They are, perhaps, best described by the name of "Independent Moralists," which some of them have assumed as the expression of their convictions.

It may, perhaps, appear strange to Catholics that such men should feel themselves justified in subscrib-

ing their names to the test which has been hitherto required of every one who is elected to a fellowship, or who takes his M. A. degree. But the apparent difficulty vanishes almost entirely in practice, and its easy solution is a remarkable proof of the complete futility of Anglican tests, and of their inability to secure any sort of uniform belief, even among men whose honesty is unimpeachable, and who cannot, without gross injustice, be accused of a conscious fraud. The test which has to be subscribed declares that the person subscribing believes the doctrine of the Church of England to be in accordance with the Word of God. Now this does not necessarily imply any belief that the doctrine of the Church of England is implicitly true. The subscriber may very fairly explain the Word of God as meaning the Bible as received by Protestants, and he might believe that the Bible, although in some sense divinely inspired, yet contains much which cannot be taken as strictly and literally consistent with actual facts.

But what has especially facilitated the subscription to Tests is the period of life at which they are exacted. They are required, once for all, at the time when a fellowship is obtained, or the M. A. degree taken. This generally means about a year or two after the course of studies is concluded, before a man's opinions have had time to take definite and permanent form, and when his traditional orthodoxy has not yet wholly disappeared under the influence of his University training. From that time forward no further test is required of him; for although the University

has the power of compelling him to establish his orthodoxy at any moment by imposing the test afresh, yet this is, practically, never done, and would be considered a most invidious interference with liberty of opinion. It is impossible to say that the man at any definite time ceased to be a Christian, since he still, in his own sense, claims the name; it is scarcely fair to say that he is no longer a member of the Church of England, since he still attends her services, and has no wish to join any other religious body; it is, of course, easy to say that he has "lost the faith," but this, in the mouths of Anglicans, simply means that he does not come up to what they consider the standard of orthodoxy. At all events, whatever change has taken place has been so slow, so unconscious, so infinitesimal day by day, so nicely shaded off from the past to the present, that it seems unreasonable and extravagant to expect him to come forward at any definite moment and take a final and an important step, involving great responsibility, as well as considerable sacrifice, because certain opinions, which he never regarded as of very great practical importance, have been giving way before others inconsistent with them.

But the point with which we are more specially concerned is the influence of what we may call generally the modern school of thought over the education imparted in Oxford. If those who belong to it are the most influential men and the best teachers in the best Colleges, we may be quite certain that it will gradually spread its leaven over the whole of the University. It is true

that it does not appeal with much force to any except men whose interests are distinctly intellectual. There are several Colleges where it has even now obtained but little footing, and where orthodoxy holds its own in virtue of Conservative traditions and other influences hostile to change. But even in such Colleges the men who are most successful in the class lists have a tendency to drift away in the direction of Liberalism, and some of the most zealous advocates of what is called progress have been brought up at the feet of some adherent of the old school. We may then, speaking roughly, say that the modern school gives the tone to the whole teaching and examination system of Oxford at the present time. It will do so still more when tests are abolished, because, as Professor Liddon very pertinently observes in his evidence before the House of Lords, tests have prevented teachers in the University from stating, crudely and passionately, to the great injury of their pupils, destructive and irreligious ideas which for the moment they were entertaining, and which, without any restraint of the sort, they would undoubtedly have felt themselves at liberty to set before their pupils. But even under the restriction which has prevailed hitherto, and to which Canon Liddon attributes more influence than it really deserves, the Liberal school is practically dominant in living, teaching Oxford. It is, therefore, of great importance to know on what principles it proceeds, and what are the consequences which flow from the habit of mind prevalent at the Universities, so far as their method of

teaching is concerned. They may, perhaps, be summed up as follows :

1. The teacher, if he would be consistent, should not teach his pupils anything except generally acknowledged facts, and the methods by which, out of those facts, hypotheses are to be formed. He should distinctly intimate to his pupils that he does not wish them to accept unchallenged any of the theories which he may assert in the course of his teaching, but to test them for themselves, and reject them when they do not appear to be confirmed by facts. He should make it his aim to encourage in his pupils the valuable habit of private judgment, meaning by this, not individual dogmatism, but the right of each and every man to form his own opinion for himself on any subject, whether of history, morals, or religion.

2. In order to form a really satisfactory opinion on any subject, every previous prejudice should be swept out of the mind; we must start from universal doubt, and thence we should seek to build up the framework of what we are hereafter to accept as true. In many cases we must be content to suspend our judgment, and confess our ignorance, or at most to admit only a provisional hypothesis. Least of all should the student allow in himself a ready deference to authority, or to the previous opinions of others, but should seek to expel such false humility, as being a hindrance to the entrance of truth into the mind.

3. The teacher should be careful to remind his pupils that there are two possible sides to every question, and that in most cases there is

much to be said on both sides; that the great intellectual vices of mankind consist in their refusal to recognize the strength of their opponents' position; and in their assumption that their own beliefs, and none other, are tenable and true.

4. The teacher should express all his opinions merely as opinions, not as dogmas. He should lay stress on the relative character of truth and on the presumptuous nature of any claim on the part of any individual or religious body to a sole and entire possession of truth—a claim which can only be maintained by substituting anathema for argument, and intolerance for scientific investigation.

From this it follows that Catholics, as such, are incapable of the highest education, which consists in building up well-grounded principles from admitted facts, and this process is not a possible one, unless we start with the determination to follow at any cost where reason leads, and where authority clashes with reason to throw authority to the winds. Now the first and foremost dogma of Catholicity is the submission of reason to authority, and therefore the young Catholic, if he is to reap the full benefits of the higher education, must begin by ceasing to be a Catholic.

Perhaps these principles would not be accepted with all their consequences by even a majority of Oxford teachers; certainly they would be disowned to a great extent by the dogmatic party, who recognize with an increasing alarm the steady growth of Liberalism in the University. But they are ac-

cepted almost as axioms by the more influential teachers, and are practically adopted even by those who in theory disown them. In order more clearly to establish this, it may perhaps be worth while to give, in some detail, the attitude of Oxford teaching in respect of the Scholastic Philosophy. In stating it, I will do my best to guard against any exaggerations, and I will limit myself to what I believe all, or nearly all, Protestants in Oxford would adopt without hesitation.

"The Scholastic Philosophy," says this theory, "founded, as it was upon Aristotle and controlled by the supervision of the Church, was rather an explanation of a preconceived hypothesis than a philosophy in the strict sense of the term; wonderful for its ingenious subtlety and its minute explanations, it was barren of any solid points of knowledge. It made no contribution to intellectual progress: its only aim being to tread as closely as possible in the steps of those who had gone before, and rather to adapt facts to a stereotyped theory than to modify the theory and try to bring it into accordance with facts. Hence it deserves nothing but a passing notice in a text-book of the history of philosophy, since it does not show us the mind of man struggling onwards towards the light of truth, but stationary and unprogressive by reason of the system under which he lived. Those who wandered from the beaten track and produced some brilliant and independent hypothesis, were mercilessly suppressed. Abelard in a secluded monastery, and Giordano Bruno at the stake,

expiated the crime of originality ; and the activity of able men was obliged to expend itself in controversies, of which the most remarkable was that of the Realists, Formalists, and Nominalists ; but even here the Church interfered, discountenancing Formalism and suppressing Nominalism by main force.

“The Reformation, whatever its faults and imperfections, set free the intellect of man, and both within and without the Church the result soon made itself apparent. The world of mediæval shadows disappeared before the dawning day, and modern thought little by little ousted one after another of the scholastic assumptions and substituted for them theories in accordance with fact, and arrived at either by a careful induction from nature, or by a legitimate deduction from the intuitions of mind. Of these independent thinkers, the first, and one of the greatest, to whom progress and thought is most deeply indebted, was the Catholic Descartes. Following in his steps, and carrying on the torch which he had ignited, Locke and Bacon shed a new light on the world of thought, and delivered men from illusions which had formerly universally deceived them—Locke by his *doctrine of substance*, and Bacon by his *inductive method*. The importance of these claims a separate notice.

“1. The scholastic doctrine of substance was, that it was an unknown substratum which forms the basis of every individual thing and gives it its objective reality. The modern doctrine, discovered by Locke, is that substance is the sum

of the phenomena, *plus* an element furnished by the mind, and in virtue of which the mind regards these phenomena as united in an object having a separate and individual existence. Hence a substance exists only in relation to the intelligence which takes knowledge of it, and the unknown substratum has a subjective existence in the mind, not an objective existence in the external object.

“2. The great principle of modern induction is, that we must build up our theories from a careful induction of facts, instead of explaining the facts by our already assumed theories. We must, in fact, follow like children where science leads us, heedless of long prejudice and resolute against sentiment and imagination, which always cling to the exploded belief of the past. To those who appeal to our reverence for antiquity, we answer that we are the true antiquity, that the world grows continually older, and each generation inherits the wisdom and experience of its predecessors. To those who fear lest the theories which are arrived at by induction should clash with revealed truth, we answer that a theology which fears to meet the evidence of facts, must rest on a very insecure basis. But modern thought has not really succeeded in permeating the Catholic Church. That most conservative institution has kept it fairly at bay, or rather the active and scientific minds which have accepted any of its conclusions have been lost to Rome. Many attempts have been made to reconstruct the Catholic system on a modern basis, but the endeavor has invariably failed, and has often led to the complete eman-

cipation of those who have attempted the fruitless task."

Such is the theory, the statements of which are assumed as dogmas in the philosophical teaching of Oxford. I call them dogmas because they pass current unexamined, and form the starting-point alike of the systems of Dean Mansel and Sir W. Hamilton, of Mill and Lewes, of Morell and Schwegler. They have obtained a complete hold over the mind of the University. The Catholic reader will not be astonished at the rapid advance of skepticism where orthodoxy has to be supported on a theory so eminently calculated to destroy it. He will not wonder that nearly all the ablest men, some of them pupils of the most distinguished divines, trained in a school of Conservatism, and starting with the most unblemished Anglican orthodoxy, have of late fallen away from any kind of religious dogmatism, and accepted the position which they formerly regarded as pernicious and untrue. He will not wonder that the attention of the High Church party has of late been directed more and more to this desertion of their ranks by so many of their prominent followers among the younger men. Blind to the true cause, and to the only remedy, they have selected certain authors and text-books from the rest and have ascribed to their influence the downward tendency. Abolish, they say, that undue preponderance which is given to modern skeptical teachers; implant in students a sound philosophy; put an end to the present superficial system of instruction, which gives so many opportunities for imparting to unsound minds error under

the guise of truth, and then you will see faith revive and skepticism decay and almost disappear. And it is in pursuance of this theory that Keble College has been built. It is not to be in any way a clerical college; it is not to turn the attention of its undergraduates to theology rather than to other studies; it is not to exclude even "infidel" books from its class-rooms; but yet it is to be the home of orthodoxy, to which the Anglican will be able to send his son without any fear of his becoming a rationalist or a skeptic. It has been lately compared in the pulpit of St. Mary's to the Ark, in which the faithful are to float secure while the flood of infidelity swallows up the less fortunate members of the older Colleges. It is in other respects a protest against the tendencies of the age: the table is simpler, and economy is specially encouraged; the chapel services are more frequent; there is more of common family life, and, perhaps, more of friendly intercourse between young and old.

Now, in all this the Catholic will see a great deal that is true and admirable, and will be inclined to wish Godspeed to a system which borrows so much from the system of the Church. At the same time, the experiment is one of very dubious success, because the whole spirit of Oxford is destructive to Protestant orthodoxy. When the orthodox Anglicans ascribe to certain teachers, and especially to Mr. Mill, the downward progress of the University, they forget that a teacher is influential only if he represents to some extent in his teaching the temper and opinions of his age and country. If Mr. Mill is dangerous

to the "faith," it is because he represents the direction in which Oxford opinion is advancing, falling in with it and enabling men to realize and put into words what was before only floating in the air. If the movement of opinion had been adverse to his philosophy, he could never have reversed the current, although he might have gained a follower here and there, just as Catholicism gains a few adherents in a Protestant country where it does not reach the masses. It is, then, impossible to destroy the influence of Mr. Mill, unless you can also turn back the stream of thought by going up to the fountain-head and starting from fresh principles which lead in an entirely opposite direction.

As long as the principles of Oxford education are those which I have stated above, so long the stream will hold its present course, and the skeptical school will go on gaining fresh ground day by day, simply because it follows out these principles to their legitimate conclusion, sweeping away any preconceived theories which it may encounter on its way. Every attempt heretofore made by the orthodox school to encounter Mr. Mill or the German rationalists from the Anglican point of view has utterly failed. It may be that here and there the weak points in their systems have been successfully pointed out; but even when this is done, their Protestant opponents merely substitute one form of skepticism for another. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that the philosophy which is offered to Anglicans as their means of defence against Mr. Mill, is quite as skeptical in its final

results as the doctrines which it is intended to refute. It is very doubtful whether any searcher after truth, whose religious convictions have been shaken by what is called infidel philosophy, has ever really found a satisfactory basis for the reconstruction of his beliefs in the writings of Dr. Mansel and Sir W. Hamilton. Protestant philosophy is barren of any except negative results; and Keble College will strive in vain to find, out of the pages of Catholic writers, any foundation for the dogmatism which it is her mission to uphold.

But it may be interesting to the reader to know how such men as Canon Liddon, and the school which he so ably represents, account from their point of view for the decline of orthodoxy in the Universities. In his evidence before the Tests Committee he indicates an opinion that it is because the study of philosophy at Oxford is not sufficiently thorough, and students are compelled by lack of time to make their own the results of modern philosophy, without being able to subject them to a critical examination under a competent guide. There is, of course, some reason in this, but it displays the strange delusion, which seems almost universal among Protestants, that, by a continual process of criticism, if only carried far enough, we shall arrive at last at a consistent body of truth. And when Canon Liddon is asked why it is that men choose the destructive side of philosophy rather than that which would give positive results, he answers that it is the intellectual fashion of the time, and that "the world of Oxford is affected to a certain extent by the

general mental atmosphere of England and of Europe." He allows that the University ought to correct "one-sided excesses of thought," but he does not explain why it is that the University does not do its duty.

Dean Mansel gives a somewhat similar account of the reason why men fall away from their belief. He attributes it to "the tendency of late years to make modern writers in a great measure the substance of the examination instead of a mere embellishment of it." This has led men into a line of reading which he considers very undesirable, and "into modern controversy upon disputed questions, and, in some instances, into the study of modern writers whose works, though works of great ability and merit, are dan-

gerous if used without a competent guide."

Both of these witnesses appear to regard with considerable anxiety the future of Oxford. Now that tests are abolished we imagine that their anxiety is very likely to be increased tenfold. Considering what are the principles which form the basis of Oxford training, there seems to be little hope of anything except an ever-increasing skepticism. The only means of averting it, the only hope of a permanent return to any form of positive belief is, unfortunately, one impossible in a Protestant University, which must, in virtue of its very nature, continue to work out its destructive principles without any successful attempt at the work of reconstruction.

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year has passed away—so soon!

For soon it seems, although my calm life keeps

The sameness of a shadow-line that creeps

Down a blank wall from early morn to noon.

I still am waiting vainly to be taught,

By some dream realized, how much more keen

Is real joy than joy that is but seen

In visions fashioned by too idle thought.

Still, sadly wistful, every year I build

Some scheme by which, before the next is gone,

An eager crowd of hopes may be fulfilled.

Shall I in very fact ever ascend

The dreamed-of heaven, or half content pass on

Until some silent day shall bring the end?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, and her latest English Historian. A narrative of the principal events in the life of Mary Stuart, with some remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1871.

We are pleased to find this series of masterly critiques collected into permanent form. Their intrinsic worth certainly entitles them to a more stable and enduring existence than that vouchsafed in the pages of a magazine; whilst the importance of the subject they discuss, and their triumphant disclosure of the misstatements of the popular historian of our day, whose dicta are recorded as canons, render the publication in book form extremely opportune. The author has enlarged his original design of simply reviewing Froude into a successful attempt to write the history of Mary Stuart. Few realize the difficulty which her historian must encounter; for England and English literature have conspired for three centuries to blacken her memory and defile her tomb.

The author introduces the subject by some judicious remarks on Froude's character as an historian, and after a rapid but comprehensive review of the earlier volumes of his English history enters into his theme proper. As Froude's chief object is to deify Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and to vindicate the Reformation in England, the impossibility of accomplishing such a purpose makes it easy for the Catholic reviewer to show the weakness, bad faith, worse logic, and general failure of the Protestant historian. But as a certain mystery and vagueness toward the unfortunate Queen of Scots, Froude takes advantage of the obscurity, and finding falsified history and distorted facts already at hand, is not reduced to the awkward and difficult task of manufacturing falsehoods himself, though our reviewer later on detects him contributing to the stock.

Beginning with the birth and early education of the Queen, the reviewer traces her sad and eventful history, stop-

ping at every turn to reply to a charge, correct a misstatement, rewrite a page in her life, expose the duplicity of an historian, vindicate an aspersed character, and uphold, in a word, the warfare which truth must wage against falsehood. The book is not only the biography of Mary, but also the history of the stormy times in which she lived. She, it is true, is made the central figure around which the events are grouped; but many chapters are devoted to the tracing of causes and relations which at first seem to have little bearing on her fortunes; but which, under the luminous criticism and historical philosophy of the author, are seen as powerful influences in her life, and as great aids in understanding her history. The appendix contains several important documents illustrative, in various ways, of the biography; and also the extracts and notes from authors which Froude did not hesitate to garble, trusting to his fame as a writer and his ability as a double dealer. On the whole the book is one of the finest pieces of historical criticism which our literature possesses; and we are proud that its author is a Catholic.

The mechanical execution of the book is neat.

LIFE OF THE REVEREND MOTHER JULIA, Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame, of Nanur. Translated from the French. With the History of the Order in the United States. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1871.

We have here the life of the sainted foundress of a sisterhood which, within the comparative short period of its existence, has performed labors and bestowed blessings that rival those of the greatest and oldest orders of religious women. The Sisters of Notre Dame are known in all parts of the world, by their labors in the cause of female education, their indefatigable efforts to better the condition of the humbler classes—the servant girls, unprotected orphan girls, and like worthy objects. The foundress, Julia Billiard, was, as her biography in-

forms us, a poor French peasant girl, who, relying on Providence alone, undertook the great work of founding a religious order. The difficulty of such a labor is in itself great, but Julia found extrinsic trials and difficulties that singly would have proved destructive to her design, were she not aided and protected by divine Providence. Her lot was cast in the troublous days of the French Revolution, when religion was proscribed, religious orders banished the country, and civil and domestic society disturbed in all its relations. Her heroism is shown by one example. The National Assembly had passed a constitution which virtually subjected the Church to the dictation of a few demagogues. The French clergy generally rejected and opposed it, but some weakly yielded to the force brought to bear upon their liberty. The curé of Julia's native village held out against the iniquitous decree, and he was obliged to resign his charge. His successor was a schismatic priest with whom Julia refused to hold any communication. This refusal so enraged the revolutionary populace that they attempted to mob her residence and assassinate her. Her escape was something miraculous. Her other trials and afflictions in founding her order, in such an age and under such circumstances, form several very interesting chapters.

The closing book details the establishment and progress of the Order of Notre Dame in the United States. The volume is a model of typographical neatness.

THE PEARL OF ANTIOCH. A picture of the East at the end of the Fourth Century. By the Abbe Bayle. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1871

This is the class of books which we long to see multiplied and circulated in all parts of the country. They form the only antidote to the poisonous influences exercised by the impure and immoral literature which pervades the reading world. We must admit with profound sorrow that our warnings against bad books, bad novels, and sensational stories fall on heedless ears. Our Catholic youth must read stories, and they quickly finish the very small library of good Catholic tales, and then betake them-

selves to reading novels. We do not believe that they read these books because of their immorality or impurity, but because they can read nothing else, and in the absence of Catholic stories they take the first that offers. We may groan over the degeneracy of youth, their stupidity in not employing their time to better purpose by perusing works of solid information, &c., but the only way to check the evil is to give Catholic youth Catholic romances; to create a healthy sensational literature; to enchain their attention by the exploits of a martyr instead of a highwayman; to reveal love, not as a sensual passion, but as a Christian virtue.

Hence nothing so delights our eye as the sight of such a book as Bayle's *Pearl of Antioch*. Here we have a story of marvellous interest, full of adventure, rich in scenes and dialogue, involved and masterly in plot, and yet illustrative of the noblest virtues, and instinct with Catholic feeling and thought.

The enterprising publishers have issued the book in a style worthy of its title. In binding, typography, and illustrations, the volume is a "pearl."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SPECIMEN PAGES FROM APPROVED TEXT-BOOKS. Published by Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS: What they are, and how to use them. Philadelphia: Simon.

SECOND BOOK OF ANATOMY, &c. By Dr. Cutler. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

KELLY, PIET & CO. ANNOUNCE—

Lectures by Archbishop Manning. (In press.)

Martyrs of the Coliseum; or, Historical Records of the Great Amphitheatre of Ancient Rome. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.

Florence O'Neill; or, The Siege of Limerick. By Miss Agnes M. Stewart.

LIPPINCOTT WILL SHORTLY PUBLISH—

The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Foster.

Thoughts on Paper Currency. By Wm. Brown.

